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Whole No. 517

Around Town.

WHEREAS: The Department Stores are crushing out by unfair competition and misleading advertisements, the specialist merchants throughout the cities and towns, and subjecting the smaller merchants and property owners to great loss and distress, and are concentrating the retail trade and commerce into the control of a very few persons, thereby congesting trade and preventing the general circulation of currency, and causing a depreciation in the values of store and residential property, and,

WHEREAS: The closing of such specialist stores deprives many persons of employment, throwing so much extra labor upon the market, which tends to reduce the wages of those employed, through all of which great loss and hardship results;

THEREFORE, be it resolved: That the City Council be, and is hereby requested, to cause to be prepared and to be submitted to the Provincial Government, a Bill for an Act to confer power upon the Municipal Councils, to alter our present method of personal assessment to one of a business tax.

This Bill to be known as The Retail Merchants' Turn-Over Business Tax, and the plan and residential

This Bill to be known as The Retail Merchants' Turn-Over Business Tax, and the plan and principle of it is illustrated in the following schedule of progressive rate:, showing just how the levies would bear upon business of small and large volumes of trade:

From	\$ 0to	8 25,000	1.87	on	81.00	0	8 1	25	31	25	
86	25,000	50,000	1-4	64	**		2	50	125	00	
44	50,000 **	100,000	3-8	5.6	4.6	*** ********		75	375	00	
6.0	100,000 **	150,000	1.2	4.6	6.6	***********		00	750	00	
5.6	1:0,000	200,000	5-8	16	10	************		25	1.250	00	
6.6:	200,000**	250,000	3-4	64	6.5			50	1.875		
6.6	250,000 **	300,000	7-8	916	6.8			75	2.625		
6.6	300,000 **	350,0001		**	8.6			00	3,500	00	
6.6	350,000 **	400,000 1	1-8	6.6	44			25	4,500	00	
9.6	400,000 **	450,000 1	1-47	84	44			50	5,625	00	
6.6	450,000 "	500,0001		6.6	8.6			75	6.875		
6.6	590,000 **	550,000 1	1-2	6.6	4.6			00	8,250		
**	550,000 **	600,000 1	5-8	4.4	4.6			25	9,750	00	
9.6	600,000	650,000 1	3-4	6.6	66				11,375		
6.6	650,000 **	700 000 1	7-8	8.6	64				13,125	00	
4.6	700,000 **	750,0002		86	5.6	********			15,000	00	
6.6	750,000 **	800,0002	1-8%	6.6	6				17,000	00	
1.6.	800,000	850,000 2	1-4	4.5	6.6		22	50	19,125	00	
AX	850,000	900,0002		4.6	44				21.375		
6.6	900,000 **	950,0002	1-2	+6	6.6				23,750	00	
6.6	950.000 **	1.000,0002	5-8/	56	6.6			25	26, 250	00	

The above resolution and schedule have been prepared by the officers of the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada and submitted to a committee of the Toronto City Council to be considered and reported upon to the Council. The city is asked to prefer a request to the Ontario Legislature that a bill be passed empowering municipal councils to substitute such a business tax as this for the present personal tax which is so notoriously evaded.

Whatever objections may be raised against this proposal, it is at least a business-like proposition and one that can be defended along lines of sound reason. The principle involved is precisely the same as that recognized by the Ontario Government in its succession duties its tax on fortunes left by people who die; and it is also the principle recognized by the Do-minion Government in its policy in regard to the lands and minerals of the Yukon. It is in harmony with a new and growing idea.

This very week the Toronto Court of Revision is sitting. The Retail Merchants' Association has appealed against the assessment of \$100,000 personality of the T. Eaton Co. Limited, and the \$120,000 personality of the Robert Simpson Co. Limited. Both department stores are fighting to have their assessment stand as it is. Last year the T. Eaton Co. was assessed at \$400,000 personality, but the County Judge reduced this to \$100,000, on the ground, I believe, that Mr. Eaton had shown that only \$100,000 worth of the stock and fixtures was paid for and assessable. If it was on this ground that the assessment was reduced by the County Judge, what are we to think of that servant of the municipality, W. T. White, assessor, who testified that "he had seen no change in stock or business to justify any alteration of the Judge's valuation of last year?" In whose interests is Mr. White employed? How does he know that \$400,000 of Mr. Eaton's personality is not paid for this year? Should not the burden of proof be put upon Mr. Eaton? We are told that department stores buy for cash and sell for cash, and surely our assessors should base their assumptions on the interests of the municipality rather than upon the interests of Mr. Eaton. How can we reconcile the boast that he buys for cash with the fact that at a private hearing he convinced the County Judge that only \$100,000 worth of stock and fixtures were paid

personality tax will little more than pay for the extra police protection which it demands.

The present practice of taxing only such merchandise as is in stock and paid for at the time the assessor calls, is most unsound, especially in connection with department stores. for it is not hard to lay for the assessor and have him in at a very favorable time. If a store sells one million dollars' worth of goods within a year it pays for those goods within a year; and if it is only assessed for one hundred thousand dollars' worth it pays taxes on only ten per cent. of the stock bought and paid for, and sold and paid for. As a cold matter of fact, such a store has nine-tenths of its annual stock exempt from taxation, whereas the small store handling but one stock per annum and conducted on a cash footing, enjoys no exemption at all. Business has undergone such a change that the old method of assessment is no longer adapted to the conditions that prevail. The proposition of the Retail Merchants' Association therefore demands thoughtful consideration.

Goods imported from Germany, not paid for and therefore still owned by German jobbers or manufacturers, are displayed for sale, sold for cash in Toronto, and neither now nor later pay any municipal tax, whilst goods that are paid for and are owned by citizens who are already taxed in other ways, are levied upon. It is an absurd arrangement. If we could possibly get at the foreign fellow, we should do it. But we can get at his agent-on-commission if the local dealer persists in hiding behing the name of the alien. Business is busines, and municipalities must alter their methods as business methods alter. We have abandoned the use of cuidles and stage coaches and we should get away from our personalty tax.

If the contestover T. Eaton's assessment

goes before the County Judge will it again be a private hearing, or will the city claim and be accorded the right to be represented? The taxpayers will expect the city to press any claim it may have in this direction.

Timothy Eaton once owned a little store. For years his premises have been spreading are all interviewed, and not being under oath should reconsider the case.

A Knapp boat going sixty miles an hour would be a perfect demon, and even the sea-serpent would be captured before it could think of

According to a despatch to the World, Mr. W. H. Ponton presented himself at the Napanee branch of the Dominion Bank on Monday morning and was informed by Manager Baines that his services were no longer required.

Mr. Ponton undoubtedly took this step in order to improve his case against the Dominion Bank in the suit for damages which he proposes to enter. If Mr. Ponton's services had been accepted he would, no doubt, have promptly resigned, so that we may regard the offering of his services as a purely formal proceeding.

This Napanee affair is one of the most peculiar in the history of the country. Public opinion, from the very first, repudiated the suggestion that young Ponton was the culprit, and although detectives from abroad worked on the case and supplied evidence to the court that was regarded (by the detectives) as sufficient, the prisoner was discharged, and public opinion intensely gratified. Trial by newspaper has become so common in Ontario that there is occasion for great surprise that public opinprisoner is all put into print-the witnesses

send out one detective to "create" evidence and another to destroy evidence. We have been accustomed to regard detectives as judges without wigs-cold, impartial truth-seekersbut many things have occurred to disturb this opinion and to reveal them in quite another

Our Government detectives are not only keenly bent upon making themselves famous as ferrets, but it must be admitted that they pay some deference to our institutions and realize that their period of office is terminable for cause.

Dougherty and Wilkes had no status whatever as officers of the law. They were hired man-hunters from the United States, working for stated wages and hopeful of a bonus if successful.

If they had convicted young Ponton it is possible that the amount stolen from the bank might have been recoverable from a guarantee. and if the detectives had made good the bank's loss they would no doubt have expected a big

The Dominion Bank is no more to blame than any other bank for the low salaries paid to tellers and junior clerks, and it should also be ion, in defiance of some newspapers and two detectives, adhered to a suspected man and saw him acquitted. Trial by newspaper usually begins the moment an arrest is made. The evidence against the in their own way. Those who are so freely censuring the officials of the Dominion Bank

no longer the object sought, that we should for not depositing his \$80 in the bank was that he feared that if he had that sum to his credit in the bank it would spoil his prospects of getting an increased salary. I am assured by a bank clerk that many of them deposit money in the names of relatives, or put it in rival banks, for this very reason. This sounds like a tale of life in Siberia, where men's private affairs are under closest surveillance

An interesting case was recalled by Mr. Du-Vernet in his argument before Judge Meredith in the suit Macdonald vs. Toronto, the object of which is to invalidate the appointment of Mr. Fleming as Assessment Commissioner for Toronto on the ground that he secured the office whilst Mayor of the city and, therefore, a trustee of the public interest and disqualified from promoting his own advantages. Mr. DuVernet recalled the case Toronto vs. Bowes.

Bowes was Mayor of Toronto in 1851 and 1852, and in the latter year he secretly arranged to purchase a block of city debentures. In March of the following year certain citizens began a suit, which the municipality took off their hands and prosecuted, to compel Mr. Bowes to pay into the city treasury the profits made by him on the debentures, on the ground that he, being Mayor at the time, could make no personal contract with the city. The case was argued before Chancellor William Hume Blake, who gave judgment against ex-Mayor Bowes and ordered him to pay over his profits to the city. He quoted with approval the words of

"A trustee who is entrusted to sell and manage for others undertakes in the same moment in which he becomes a trustee not to manage for the benefit and advantage of himself." This is founded upon principles of reason, of morality and of public policy.

He that is entrusted with the interests of others cannot be allowed to make the business an object of interest to himself.

The case was then carried to the Court of Appeal and was again decided against ex-Mayor Bowes. Chief Justice Draper said :

If one member of a corporation may with impunity thus make a profit, so may every other, a considera-tion of no slight significance in a country filled with municipal corporations as this is,

Mr. Justice Richards held that no mayor or alderman could be allowed to "enter into engagements in which he has, or can have, a personal interest conflicting, or which may possi-bly conflict, with the interests" of the ratepayers. He also referred to Bowes as having put his interests in conflict with his duty.'

The case was then carried to the Privy Council, and again ex-Mayor Bowes was beaten It was held that he had had no right to "place himself voluntarily in a position in which, while retaining the office of Mayor, he would have a private interest that might be opposed to the unbiased performance of his official duty; but he did so."

This is an old story now. The case was neither old enough nor new enough to be re-garded as news by the daily papers whose reporters heard Mr. DuVernet's argument, but it struck me as a case that would be very interesting if recalled just now to the memory of our older inhabitants. The suit dragged along for years, and in each court the mayor of a city was declared to be the chief trustee of its interests and specially enjoined against having any personal interest that would, or by any possibility could, conflict with his duties as a trustee. Before this goes to press the finding of Mr. Justice Meredith may be handed out in the present suit, and he may find that the cases are not of the same class; but the ratepayers of the city must regard the two cases as morally alike and should hold the participants in the recent deal to account, for Mr. Fleming sat in the Mayor's chair and dickered with his fellowtrustees for a job at the highest figure he could get-demanding at first more than he ultimately got, thus bringing his personal interests into conflict with his duty as Mayor.

The attention of the electors of Toronto is respectfully invited to the following bids for votes which were tendered at Monday's meeting of the City Council: Ald. Frame moved that all city employees get a Saturday halfholiday without loss of pay; Ald. Woods pushed his scheme for free water for boulevards; Ald. Woods moved that all printing, etc., done for the city be required to bear the label of the Allied Printing Trades; Ald. Leslie moved that rentals on Island property. south of Ashbridge's Bay be reduced; the Board of Control recommended that regular city employees who are laid off work through an injury get full pay for one month; Ald. Preston made a motion calculated to postpone the tax sale and offer succor to the delinquents. In this little list no account is given of the talk to the gallery that was indulged in. The observant citizen will find the Council minutes highly amusing from now until the end of the year. There may be merit in some of the motions which I have put in my list, but why were they not introduced before election day began to oom on the view?

Ald. Lamb seems to have aroused himself. After urging that the city should "go slow" in offering relief to the Russell county fire sufferers, he appears to have been overcome with a panic of charitable enterprise. He consented to having the grant raised to \$1,000 instead of \$500, gave \$1,000 to Windsor, N.S., and \$500 to the Manitoba fire victims. If any other disaster heaves in sight Ald. Lamb may be counted on to shove a grant into its face before it can utter a groan. I see that the property burned down in Windsor, N.S., carried \$580,000 longer, for he might lose his year's salary in of insurance; that the resources of the city



THE KNAPP ROLLER BOAT.

From a photo made for "Saturday Night" by Percy Warren, at the futile trial of Saturday last, when the engines refused to work. A second trial was made on Tuesday, and the big cylinder traveled over the water. The friends of the boat consider that its success has been demonstrated.

north south and west. This week it is an land not being subject to cross examination by ! Several, if not all, of our banks undernanounced that he has overflowed his banks again and has paid \$150,000 for the McKendry premises adjoining his own. It is currently reported that he receives \$25,000 per annum as a salary for managing the business that bears his name. His advertisements tell us that he is able to pile fortune on fortune by selling as good goods as others at cheaper prices. Here is a tip for everybody-sell goods at or below cost and become a millionaire.

If the Knapp roller boat, of which a picture s here given, finally attains the success that nany now expect of it, thousands of us will regret the opportunity we lost on Tuesday of seeing it make its first rolling plunge across the water down by the city docks. Unless this boat goes to the bottom with all on board one of these days, it seems destined to wholly revolutionize ship-building and water-travel. We are told that while the trial made on Tuesday revealed serious faults in its interior arrange ments, and while the machinery seemed greatly perplexed by the instability of its settings, yet the trial demonstrated the fact that the roller boat will act ally roll over the water and at a speed that see ins beyond belief. The Star reports so conse vative a man as Mr. Polson vative that the boat will travel. expressing the belief that the boat will travel at a rate of six ty miles an hour, but says that Mr. Knapp does not expect this rate of speed while the enginess are placed as at present.

If we begin traveling on the lakes and oceans at the speed with which railroad trains hurl themselves acromay as well adnot be the work of which we have to so much, has been slowed. of which we boat stupid after all. stupid after all. slakes and ocean into "ways" to necessary for boat and to follow tim

court and set a day for the execution. When a detective decides that a man is guilty he naturally devotes his energies to proving it A reporter, having satisfied himself that a prisoner is guilty, naturally works to his model. He resolves not to "put his paper in a hole" by working up a defence for the prisoner, who will, he feels sure, be convicted. He therefore avoids "false scents," for he does not care to be laughed at. His reputation as a reporter, the detective's reputation as an officer, the newspapers' reputations as astute valuers of news and sifters of facts, are all at stake, creating a vast force prejudicial to the interests of the prisoner. That the system is responsible for few, if any, murders, speaks very strongly to the credit of those reporters who investigate tragedies. Trial by newspaper is either a very sure way of convicting the real blunders deep beneath the gallows.

Canadian judiciary has so far been sufficient to save us from the fell evils that do, or may, repose in trial by newspaper, but ultimately it may be necessary to provide against these evils by direct action. If a prisoner cannot retain a lawyer, one is provided for him. that detectives are known to be fallible and one-sided, it may perhaps be found necessary for the court to do more than see that a prisoner is represented by counsel-it may be necessary for the court to see that the prisoner is repreeach side shall have a lawyer, why should not each side have a detective? By the time a sleuth gets through with his work a prisoner's counsel has a very uneven fight on his hands, and it seems but fair, if simple justice is five minutes. We are told that Ponton's reason were not, by any means, all destroyed, and that

the prisoner's lawyer, they make out a strong young men who handle large sums of money. case, and the man is condemned in public A youth cannot get a clerkship in a bank opinion. It only remains for a judge to hold unless he is educated, well dressed and respectably connected. The reason ascribed for this is that the youth will hold a "responsible position. It is pretty well understood, however, that the real reason is that youths who are educated, dressy and suitably connected, are usually possessed of fathers, mothers, aunts or guardians who will not mind giving the young fellows monthly allowances to eke out the inadequate salaries paid them for the first ten years of their servitude, or until the glamor of the thing wears off and they drift into other occupations, les desirable socially but more remunerative. The banks, when they began to put a social halo on each new clerk, worked a fine idea for all it was worth. Young men take out half their pay in the shape of social certificates. If a youth says that he has gone into a bank it is at once taken to mean that he is not penniless or culprit or it has a sure method of burying its he could not afford it-involuntarily you wonder who is his father, or mother, or aunt, or guardian. Alone he cannot live up to the level The quiet, undismayed good sense of the of his collars and cuffs. The fine genius of our financiers has evolved nothing better than this system of drafting clerks from among the sons of depositors who are rich enough to waive any claims for increases in salaries, and nephews of haughty ladies who deem it vulgar to speak of "more wages.

Outsiders know nothing of the grim rules that are enforced in our banks. Clerks have to make good any moneys that are lost, and I am told that in one of our local banks a youth sented by a detective. If it is but just that receiving a salary of \$250 a year was made acting teller, and in fear and trembling handled the cash until one day he lost track of some money. Then he refused to act as teller any

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offer that instant aid which alone was needed. There will be abundant work there and capital put in motion, almost at once. In Russell and Prescott, however, an agricultural district, hundreds of miles in extent, was reduced to ashes, the winter's food consumed, no insurance to fall back upon, and no capital to be immediately set in motion in rebuilding business blocks as occurs in the case of a city, which, when consumed, springs up bigger and finer from its ashes.

Society at the Capital.

Much interest is felt here at the reported resignation of his seat by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper are most popular in Ottawa, and even the Liberals have hoped that the family might once more be living here. The latest news is that Sir Hibbert and his family will remove to British Columbia, but that he will still retain his seat in the Dominion Parliament.

The town here is filled with smoke from the fires at present raging in the country. The handsome country house of Mr. H. V. Noel, manager of the Quebec Bank, is in danger, as are also those in the neighborhood belonging to Messrs. Bate and Patey, as the fire is near their property.

Hon. J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the House of Commons, has been in town this week, but left for Toronto on Wednesday.

General Montgomery Moore arrived in town on Wednesday and was sworn in as administrator during Lord Aberdeen's absence.

Mr. McInnes of the Geological Survey has returned home after spending the summer in the Lake of the Woods district.

Much interest has been felt here at the announcement in the English papers of the marriage of Lord Mountstephen to a daughter of the late Robert George Tufnell. Lady Stafford Northcote, Lord Mountstephen's adopted daughter, has always been considered his heir. Hon. Mr. Patterson, who has been away for some time, has returned to the city.

Hon. Edward Blake has been in town all this week on business at the Supreme Court.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Gascoigne. wife of Major-General Gascoigne, as she heard last week by cable of the sudden death of her brother. Mrs. Gascoigne, who brought with her a niece. Miss Martin Smith, will not receive for some time.

General Gascoigne will go shortly to Winnipeg, where he will inspect "B" squadron of the Canadian Dragoons.

Dr. Coulter, Deputy Postmaster-General, went home and returned on Wednesday with his family, who have taken up their permanent residence in the Capital.

The condition of Lieut.-Col. Bliss, Militia Department, who was seriously injured while driving a pair of spirited horses last week, is still considered very serious. Lieut.-Col. Bliss's children escaped unhurt, but their maid, who accompanied them, is still unconscious, and her recovery is considered impossible.

Miss Archambault of Montreal is in town, the guest of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, who have taken up their residence in their new house in Theodore street.

Mr. Onderdonk is in town, staying at the Russell House.

Lieut.-Col. Buchan, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, has been in town this week on business

with the Militia Department,

Much interest is felt here in the reported engagement of Mr. George Brooke to Mrs. Hetherington. The latter spent last winter in Ottawa, and being a sister of Mrs. Frank Clemow, one of our most popular society women, was most cordially received. Mrs. Hetherington left many friends behind her who hope soon to see her again at the Capital.

Mrs. Forest, wife of the manager of the Union Bank, Smith's Falls, is in town visiting friends.

The family of Lieut. Col. Cotton, Kingston have arrived in town and taken up their residence in Cooper street.

Lady Caron spent last week at the Windsor House, Montreal.

The engagement is just announced of Miss Cowper Cox, step-daughter of Mr. George Burland of the Bank Note Company, Montreal, to Mr. Campbell Lane of Montreal.

Mrs. Cambie and her daughters, who spent last winter in Toronto and the summer months on Hanlan's Island, have now returned home and are settled in the family residence in

Social and Personal.

It is rumored that one very large dance and several small ones are to be part of next month's doings at Government House. A series of dinners will also be part of the scheme of entertainment. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are, I hear, to go to Ottawa on October 30, and remain there a few days before they come to

Miss Annie Michie entertained the members of the Maplehyrn Bicycle Club at tea on Wednesday afternoon, and the young people had a lovely time. Hostess, home and goodies were all perfection. The Club will not arrange any more runs this season, but it is whispered that those members who have not yet had the pleasure of entertaining will give a joint progressive or some equally jolly affair to the Club before long.

Miss Rose Kirkpatrick of Kingston is on a visit with relatives in town. I hear she will perhaps visit Miss Marion Barker next week. Miss Mabel Magee of London, a much admired visitor, returned home this week.

Amicus Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will hold an At Home on a big scale in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Tuesday, November 16. They will have the use of the entire building, the concert hall being set aside for dancing, an orchestra supplying the music.

In Toronto there are fourteen banks with a total of thirty-two offices, and soon two more will be added to these. On dit that the Bank of Ottawa is going to open up soon in the Temple Building and the Bank of Nova Scotia in the Canada Life Building. What about that pro-

neighboring places were able and willing to their thirty-four offices ought easily to turn such a proposition into an assured fact.

> Much interest was taken in the trial of Mr. Ponton of the Dominion Bank, Napanee, and the result was received everywhere with glad-His many acquaintances in Toronto, (with the exception of some "powers that be") are all his friends in a trouble which, let us hope, is the beginning of a good era for him.

Gore Vale seems to have an attraction for the artistic fraternity. It has been unlet since Mr. Shaw removed, with his clever school of elocutionists, until this month, when Mr. Delasco has taken it for the winter. We are promised one of Mr. Delasco's delightful musicales at an early date, not at Gore Vale, however, but in his enlarged music-room at the Confederation Life Building.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones has decided upon a musical programme for her reception this afternoon, and some sweet ballads by Madame Walther and Monsieur Mercier's vibrant tenor will be part of the treat set before the guests at

The Victoria Club dance on Tuesday grows in interest and promise. Colonel Otter's order that the officers of the various regiments wear uniform is an important step to brilliancy in the mise en scene. By the way, I hear of some misunderstanding in regard to this dance, several persons being under the impression that it is an invitation affair instead of a subscription dance, for which tickets may be purchased from the secretary, Mr. Kavanagh. "I have not received an invitation," remarked a lady, not knowing that Tuesday's dance was other than a club hospitality. If anyone awaits an "invitation," it is as well for them to interview the secretary, with their endorsation by a club member, and secure the needful ticket.

Miss Mary Keegan of London, Eng., is visiting Commander and Mrs. Law at 505 Sher

One by one the east side hostesses are suc cumbing to the inevitable and giving up longcherished "days" to adopt Monday, the day sen by the east side for receiving callers. Mrs. Stegmann of Carlton street, who has long reserved Tuesday, now takes second and fourth Mondays. Mrs. Churchill Patton of 182 Bloor street, who formerly reserved Friday, now receives on the first and second Mondays, and Mrs. Frederic Roper of 413 Sherbourne street has given up her Wednesdays and receives now on the second and fourth Mondays. It would be well for the friends of these hostesses to note the above changes in their visiting-lists.

Mrs. Dalton's tea at Oakleigh last Friday was a most enjoyable affair: the summer weather which befell on that day made the open windows of the big house in Isabella street very grateful. Mrs. Dalton received with Miss Dalton, who wore a very dainty gown in cream crepe and pearl passementerie and was an echo of her mother's graceful and hearty hospitality. An immense lot of jolly people, of the gentler sex, filled the rooms and admired the beauty of the refreshment-table, which was bright with flowers of autumn and handsome lamps. Miss Daisy Dalton in a pale pink frock was here, there and everywhere, the bright and happy girl-hostess, fresh from her splendid Continental trip. It was a thoroughly delightful tea.

Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson is living at No. 10 Ross street for the winter.

Many old friends have found their way to The Hall on the past two Tuesday afternoons to welcome back Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski. welcome taking on added emphasis from the late anxiety regarding the health of Sir Casimir. Although the effects of his recent illness are still noticeable and he is not in his usual strength, Sir Casimir is the same benign and courtly gentleman, with a pleasant word and hand-clasp for each guest, and an illustration in his own unique personality of how beautiful advanced age can be when it crowns a life well and faithfully lived. The Queen's aide-dep will leave no fit successor when his time is fulfilled.

A number of small teas have brightened the very lovely afternoons of the past ten days, mainly interesting the girls of Toronto, than whom no fairer nor brighter coterie is known. Miss Amy Douglas gave a very happy afternoon number of former school two hours one afternoon last week. Miss Katie Strange was another successful hostess, having preferred the sedater species of tea, where busy fingers fly and needles flash in some dainty fancy work and embroidery. Miss Helen Strathy also was one of the week's young hostesses. Miss Ethel Hogaboom gave a girls' tea on Thursday afternoon. On Tuesday an interesting farewell tea was given for Miss Annie Lamport, by her mother, to which many girls and a few young matrons brought merry congratulations to the bride-elect. Miss Lamport and Mr. Fred Bendelari are to be married very quietly on Tuesday.

The planting of a memorial tree to the memory of that whole-souled and enthusiastic worker in all good causes, the late Mrs. Bendelari, was the occasion of a small gathering of invited friends at the Infants' Home on Tuesday. The family and a few near friends of the deceased lady, with prominent officers of the charities, were those who witnessed the setting out of a weeping ash in the hospital lawn at the Home.

Mr. David Springer of Gore Bay, who has many friends in Toronto, is to spend some months here this winter.

One of our boys who has returned to town for the winter after a busy summer in Koothnay is Mr. Hugo Ross of 35 St. Vincent street. He looks as if the Western climate agreed with him. His younger brother, Mr. Donald Ross. is still out with the surveying party at Crow's Nest Pass, but will probably be home in December.

The giddy Geisha drew a perfect throng of people on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and Mrs. Ward, in a green frock, with a corsage and crush vest of black satin; she car bouquet of white flowers, was hostess to a ried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. Miss small party, her guest, Miss Murdock, in a Bessie Webber, sister of the bride, acted pretty pink frock, and Messrs. Kelly, Evans as bridesmaid, and was prettily attired in and R. W. P. Matthews. Mr. Percy Manning a gown of pale blue silk, with trimmings of had a trio of gentlemen in his box, while in the stalls was a mixture of evening dresses, outrageous hats, and persons known and unknown in the social whirl. The students kept things lively in paradis, supplementing the orchestra with songs and mouth-organs. The cast was excellent and the scenery beautiful, while the inspiration of a bumper house was noticeable in the spirit with which each actor rendered the funny and graceful performance.

Miss Thomson of Bedford road gave a ten on Wednesday afternoon, which was very largely

Miss Proudfoot gave a tea on Thursday afternoon at her residence in the Queen's Park. Miss McLean Howard returned on Monday

from a visit to friends in Detroit. Miss Justina Harrison gave a tea yesterday at her home in Huron street, where a happy thought has named an artistic room the Dres

work by the hostess is on view. A sturdy small boy, grandson of the Post-master-General, received his baptismal cognomen on Sunday, and William Mulock the third is on deck. He is a bonnie boy, and long life to

den Studio, and where an exquisite display of

Mrs. Alfred Boultbee has a very fine studio in Selby street (No. 9), and is doing a great many orders for wedding presents for November brides. I saw there some photos on porcelain, a new idea, and which make lovely things when worked up in colors. They need to be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roche of Walmer road are spending October in the Sunny South with Judge and Mrs. Bruere, at the romantic old city of St. Charles, Mo., Mrs. Roche's former

A very pretty dinner party was given by Mrs. James Bampfield at her residence, Maples Villa, Niagara Falls, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Mc-Carty, who returned from their honeymoon Saturday last. Among those present from Toronto were Dr. Murray McFarlane and Mr. Jack Coppinger of the United States Vice-

Mrs. Allan C. Fairweather of 118 Dupont street will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday, October 28 and 29, and will receive on Fridays following.

Not the least interesting part of Tuesday's convocation at Trinity College was the entrance, in caps and gowns, of the women undergraduates of Trinity. Many of the visitors com mented admiringly on their modest and digni fied bearing, the acquiring of which is not the least, perhaps, of the many advantages offered to those attending St. Hilda's College. Later in the evening, at the convocation service in Trinity chapel, the women students occupied two rows of the seats on the ground floor instead of their usual places in the gallery. They presented an imposing appearance in their academic attire, and the many friends of St. Hilda's were gratified to observe the steady increase in numbers of those of the young women in our country who are availing them-selves of that higher education and religious training offered by Trinity College to women as well as men.

Miss Josephine Macfle of London is visiting Mrs. Waldie in Rosedale. On Thursday evening Miss Waldie gave an informal evening for some of the young friends of her guest, who is well known in Toronto, having been educated at one of our noted pensions. Miss Macfle will be in town for some weeks, I am told.

A remarkably chic and handsome debutante who was much admired at Mrs. Dalton's tea, is Miss Birdie Warren. If a typical Canadian girl were possible, no fairer one could be found than this young girl, whose perfect health, brilliant beauty and fine carriage ably second her charm of manner in securing love and admiration from all.

Mr. H. P. Stutchbury, who is to sing this afternoon at Mrs. Melvin-Jones' tea, has just returned from a season of study in New York. Mr. Stutchbury will give a recital in St. Co. home was a babel of chatter and laughter for Hall on November 9, and will no doubt be greeted by a large turnout of music-lovers.

> Among those who received the degree of B.A. at Trinity College on Tuesday last were three who were prepared for matriculation at the Bishop Strachan school: Misses Louise Isabel Warren and Jessie Jamieson, and Mrs. Schepp.

> Provost and Mrs. Welch were hosts to a nice party of congenial people after the ceremonies at Trinity on Tuesday.

Major and Mrs. Septimus Denison are at Rusholme for the winter. The rumor that Colonel Otter was to leave Toronto is happily unfounded, I hear. Colonel Buchan is to be stationed in London. Mrs. and Miss Buchan have been busy bidding farewell to their friends this week. No two persons would be more sincerely regretted, for both are exceedingly

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten are comfortably ettled in Mr. Willie Goulding's handsome house in St. George street, which they have rented for some time. La petite marquise will make a charming hostess in what is certainly one of the nicest houses on the West Side.

Toronto Methodist circles were much interested in a very pretty autumn wedding on Wednesday afternoon last at half-past two at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. George Webber, when his eldest daughter, Carolyne. who is well known and highly esteemed among her many friends in this city, was united in marriage to Rev. J. Albert Snell of Rodney. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. James Allen, M.A., of Sherbourne street Methodist church, in the presence of relatives and immediate friends. position made recently to form a Bankers' everyone was charmed with O Mimosa San. The bride looked charming in a traveling gown Club? The wealth of these institutions and On Tuesday most of the boxes were occupied.

cream roses. The groomsman was Rev. G. N. Hagen, B.A., of Strathrov, Miss Millie Webber, Miss Florence Playter and Miss Florence Cuth bertson were bridesmaids, and Messrs. Warren A. Snell, Jack Webber and George G. Webber acted as ushers. The bride's mother was handsomely dressed in black satin with mauve trimmings. The house was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves, palms and flowers. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and valuable gifts, which testify to her popularity and sterling worth. After the reception the company sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast and did ample justice to the tempt ing viands placed before them. Mr. and Mrs. Snell left by the half-past five train for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, etc. Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin gave her first tea on

Thursday afternoon of last week, when it was hard to decide whether the beauty of her home or the piquancy and delicate loveliness of the sweet young matron evoked most admiration Mrs. Benjamin was really a perfect picture in her rich pale blue reception gown, with soft guimpe of chiffon, most becoming to her clear, pale complexion and sparkling eyes. The good offices of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Benjamin, in assisting to ensure a happy hour for the many guests, were almost outdone by little Miss Benjamin, her daughter, who, in a little white silk frock, was a host in herself. A tactful little maiden is she, as was evinced by her whispered utterance of a name to a puzzled guest who was for the moment at a loss. Mrs. Alfred Benjamin, who is loved by all her friends, wore a gown of dark velvet with coiding of corn-color, and a tiny bonnet. The buffet was served by Webb's men, and was loaded with every dainty, great groups of snowy chrysanthemums standing sentinel over the goodies at intervals. Roses and palms were the floral decorations, where decorations were scarcely needed, the exquisite satin-panelled walls and many beautiful articles of rare and costly bric-a-brac being independent of fleeting aids. A very few of the guests were: Colonel and Mrs. Delamere, Captain Wyatt, A.D.C., Major Mutton, Major and Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mrs. Pipon, Mr. Ormiston, Mrs. Samuel, Mr. Sigmund Samuel, Miss Phemie Smith, Mrs. W. S. and Miss Lee, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Joseph Misses Samuel, Mrs. Stanton, Captain Gunther, Mrs. J. E. and the Misses Thompson besides hosts of others.

Mrs. Anderson and her daughter, Miss Mabel, have returned to the city from an extended visit to "Auld Scotia."

Miss Simpson of 722 Spadina avenue left for Denver, Col., on Thursday, October 21.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, North Lisgar street, at half-past three o'clock on Wednesday, when Lizzie H., youngest daughter of Mr. Alex. Girrell, was married to Mr. Harry Cowan of Mount Forest. Rev. Mr. Laker performed the ceremony. The bride wore a handsome green traveling suit. After luncheon the couple took the evening train for Mount Forest, where Mrs. Cowan will be At Home after November 3.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a small dinner in farewell to Mrs. and Miss Janes, who left for Europe on Thursday. Covers were laid for twelve. The beauty of the Llawhaden dinner-table is always an æsthetic pleasure, and on this occasion a wealth of pink roses, ferns and tube-roses. odorous and exquisite, was most artistically arranged on a plateau of pink silk and chiffon; broad ribbons were festooned from tall, cut-glass vases, and pink-shaded candles twinkled about the board. Mrs. Melvin-Jones' beautifully painted dinner service, her own work, is a feature at Llawhaden dinners one finds unique.

News from the Bishop on Thursday reported his son, Mr. Alan Sullivan, as much better, which gave much pleasure to the friends of the family. By the way, I saw it announced in a daily on Tuesday that His Lordship was to preach the Trinity convocation sermon on that day. Pretty good lung power must it be that talks from Rat Portage to Toronto.

The At Home committee for the Victori Club subscription dance are: Mr. W. B. Mc Murrich (chairman), Mr. H. J. Minty (honorary secretary), Col. Sweny, Major Cosby, Hon. L. M. Jones, Mr. J. B. Kay, Dr. C. F. Macdonald, Messrs. E. R. Vankoughnet, J. C. Mackay, E. Burke, H. Gault, H. Mowat, D. Donald, N. Cosby, J. G. Glackmeyer, V. Armstrong, J Miles, J. S. Williams, L. Cosby, W. J. Kav anagh, L. Blaikie, G. H. Roberts, George Biggar, W. M. Whitehead, G. J. Ashworth, J. D. McMurrich, P. S. Maule, H. A. McMillan, E. M. Lake, L. S. McMurray and R. Southam.

Mrs. Magurn and Mrs. Humfrey Anger are living at 11 Wilton crescent and will be at home to visitors on Mondays.

Apropos of certain reports in the papers, I might say that there is a home for aged men at 203 Sackville street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Midgley Campbell have returned and are residing at 60 Brunswick distance promptly avenue, where Mrs. Campbell (nee Keighley) will receive on Wednesday, October 27, and every succeeding Friday.

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Mrs. Smart of Lindenwold, who has been quite an invalid recently, is now happily much better, but will not receive this year. In January, it is expected, Lindenwold will open hospitable doors to Mrs. Smart's many visitors.

October 23, 1897

Social and Personal.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt leaves to-day, accompanied by Mrs. Nesbitt, to attend the American

Public Health Association at Philadelphia.

Mrs. Heaven of Atherley returned from Mexico last week, and has brought with her a young niece from the South, Miss Ethel Palmer, who will spend the winter at Atherley.

Mr. and Mrs. Morang have taken up house in Beverley street at The Elms, that nice little home formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, who recently moved just across the

His Honor Sir George Kirkpatrick and Lady Kirkpatrick left Government House on Mon-day and took up their quarters in the Speaker's Chambers at the Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park. Miss Kirkpatrick is with them. In a very short time after their occupancy of the formal-looking suite, that indefinable home-like air pervaded the place, which is always noticed in the happy locality presided over by a woman of taste and pronounced individuality. Lady Kirkpatrick has not only imbued her new temporary home with such an atmosphere, but in her clever arrangement of the Lares and Penates of Government House, which still remain to await the coming of Their Excellencies, took instinctive care to place everything to the best advantage, a graceful thought which might not have occurred to many in the hurry and anxiety of moving and caring for the com-fort of an invalid. Truly this daughter of Canada is "a perfect woman, nobly planned," and shows it in such tell-tale little things.

On Saturday afternoon a very pleasant and well arranged tea was given by Mrs. Acton Burrows in honor of her friend, Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, at present a guest with her sister, Mrs. Herbert Mason, at Ermeleigh. Ring after ring proclaimed the arrival of dames in pairs, trios and alone, who were solemuly admitted by the tiniest of "Buttons" with much dignity. Mrs. Burrows received in the drawing-room, where gas-light and fire-light twinkled and glowed on the smart hostess, all in silvergray barege, with soft white vest and stock, her face full of hospitable welcome and her hand cordially clasping that of each arrival. Soon the guests were divided into congenial groups, Winnipeggers chatting over old times; Torontonians exchanging jest and story; the guest of the afternoon, with bright words and Handsome Mrs. Kirkland, lately from Winnipeg, was at home with both groups, and is a distinctly distinguished figure in any coterie.

Mrs. Hamilton of Winnipeg, lately the guest of Mrs. Sullivan, was a tall and graceful dame from the Prairie City. Mrs. Rudolf, a sweet young matron; Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson and her sister, Miss Schreiber; Mrs. J. J. Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Jeannette Drayton, Mrs. and Miss Hogaboom, Mrs. Alex. Robertson, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Harry Totten, Mrs. and Miss Inez Mitchell, Miss Helen Armstrong, Mrs. Armstrong of Gloucester street, Miss Gyp Armstrong, who looked very pretty indeed; Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. Mc-Dowell, Miss Blanchard, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Horetsky, the Misses FitzGerald, and quite a number of others. Mrs. Hamilton played a couple of beautiful piano selections during

The second annual meeting of the Toronto Center District St. John's Ambulance Association was held last evening in St. George's Hall, Elm street. Judge Kingsmill took the chair. Certificates and medallions were pre-sented to the successful candidates. Much interest was taken in the meeting.

An interesting evening was that spent at the General Hospital last Friday, when a very barge crowd of friends of the hospital and the nurses graduating for this year were present at the graduating ceremonies. A large and very bright-looking bevy of nurses were seated in their dainty blue and white uniforms when the first speaker began his remarks. Mr. Walter S. Lee was in the chair. Several distinguished persons were in the audience. Prominent among many kindly and interested faces, I saw that of Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) of Davenport, Iowa, who is still watching over a dear young brother convalescing from typhoid fever n the hospital. The lady superintendent, Miss Saively, a lady whose words are always weighty and well thought out, gave a fine report, particularly impressing upon her hearers the needs of the Nurses' Home. That she did impress one of her hearers is evident from the offer subsequently heartily and generously made by Miss French, to give one of her delightful "Talks" shortly, in some pleasant hall or salon, for the benefit of the aforesaid Nurses' Home. That this will be a great treat, those familiar with her writings are convinced, but not so firmly as are those who have met this talented and gracious lady. I hope to have particulars

No social function of much importance has taken place this week. Mrs. Melvin-Jones' large At Home this afternoon will be a very smart and delightful reunion.

Last Saturday an immense crowd filled the grand-stand in the Rosedale grounds to see a drawn game between T.A.C.-Lornes and University teams. Nearly everyone seemed to be in one part or another of the grand-stand, and many a gentle maid and dame of maturer years shivered in the sudden fall of temperature, even while red-hot enthusiasm for the blue or the red burned in her heart. Many of the audience had lingered a while on Binscarth road, where, men in pink, and the neat horsewomen as they in front of Captain Forsythe Grant's residence. gathered for a fine October run. Here and the meet took place, to watch the carriages, the there a golfer tramped or swung his artful club, Dreams, which is already a favorite. Miss

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bicycles lay prone on the grass, the rustling leaves crackled under sturdy feet, while within the pretty home, hospitality poured the stirrup cup and huntsmen drained it to a good after-noon's sport. Mrs. Ward drove over with her guest, Miss Murdock. The Misses Stimson were in the smart hansom owned by their brother. Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs FitzGibbon were en voiture. Miss Louise Janes, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Charles John Catto & Son | Louise Janes, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Charles Grasett were some of the natty equestriennes.

> Curiosity and interest grow apace as the time becomes nearer for the visit of August Hyllested, the famous Danish pianist. There s much about the personnel of this strong son of the north world to excite interest. He is a Scandinavian pur sang, of a country whose pine trees are its bards and who hides its store of lore under snow-flakes. We can understand how such an individual has captured the people wherever he has gone, and has excited remarkable interest among Royalty. He is a favorite with the Prince of Wales, who attends his concerts in London. He is a frequent visitor at the home of the Princess Louise, and has played several times at Holyrood House, the home of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, when Lord High Commissioner of Scotland. He will be one of the greatest pianists to visit Canada this season, the date fixed being November 24, at Association Hall, the recital to be under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor Sir George A. Kirkpatrick and Lady Kirkpatrick.

A very curious and wonderful palm growth has attracted the inspection of plant-lovers at The Hall this month. An immense palm has sprung into an extraordinary burst of blossom, as large as the orthodox presentation bouquet. Soft, felt-like, velvety leaves, in pale fawn color, curl up and inward over a mound of rose-colored buds as large as mammoth cherries and exquisitely tinted. It is impossible to describe the strange blossom of the big palm, but everyone interested in palm culture will find it a most curious development. It was photographed for the absent master and mistress of The Hall some weeks ago, lest it should fade before their return, but fortunately its beauty was still perfect when they arrived in Toronto.

Mrs. Hamilton of Winnipeg returned home

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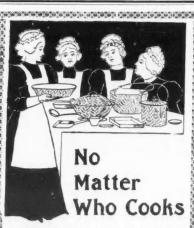
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MARY'S FIRST LOVE

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

Author of "In a Grass Country," "Jack's Secret," "A Lost Wife," "Pure Gold," "Vera Nevill," &c., &c.

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free from care as in this troublesome and transitory world it is possible to conceive.

child had been born to them, Mary had been all her life encompassed about by their tenderest love and devotion. From her cradle to her twenty-third year, at which period I introduce her to my readers, she had never known an ungratified desire or an unfulfilled fancy-had never heard a harsh or unjust word, nor had ever been chilled by the blighting breath of unkindness or neglect.

Such a child is frequently spoilt and selfish, discontented and ill-tempered; but in Mary Ross no such disastrous results had ensued. What rendered her so very happy was not so much the circumstances which surrounded her, as the peculiar and charming sweetness and simplicity of her character.

Her father, a self-made man who had begun life as a factory lad on the banks of the Clyde, where he was now the head of a great and prosperous firm, might at times be a little proud of his rise in life, and a little given to boasting of his success and his money. Her mother, again, whose origin was a humble one, and who had worked for her bread as a daily governess in Glasgow for many long and weary years before she had at length married her James. was sometimes unduly shy and ill at ease in the London world of fashion in which her lot was now cast. But in Mary herself there was neither boastfulness nor diffidence. She was perfectly natural and unaffected, as well as absolutely unspoilt and free from self-conscious

It did not occur to her in the least that people made much of her because she was a great heiress, or that her popularity was due to any other cause save to the obvious and ostensible one of her own amiable and pleasant disposition. Money had come so easily into her hands all her life that she attached no undue importance to the possession of it. She spent it indeed freely and unstintingly, but never squanderingly and extravagantly-her Scotch blood kept her from this. It was only in her charities that Mary was inclined to be lavish, for her heart was so warm and tender that it hurt her to think that others were in want of the things of which she had enough and to

Mary Ross was by no means beautiful. She herself admired the many beautiful women she constantly met in London drawing-rooms with an almost passionate admiration, but she was not in the least envious of them. For it had never seemed to make any difference to her enjoyment in life that she was short and a thought stumpy in figure, that her waist was an inch or two too thick for symmetry, and that her square but honest face had not, strictly speaking, a single good feature in it.

She had never looked upon her appearance as a disadvantage, for she found that she had quite as many partners as the prettiest girls in the room, quite as many invitations to picnics and boating parties, and quite as much attention from the nicest men in society as the loveliest of all the crowds of women about her, and she was so simple-hearted and unsuspicious that it never occurred to her that there might be a very obvious reason for this phenomenon.

"I know I am not pretty," she would say to her mother, or to her young friends, "but I believe people like me—at least I always find I am welcomed and made much of wherever I go and perhaps it is even nicer to be liked than to

And so Mary was perfectly and serenely happy. She was, moreover, a very pleasantlooking girl, and no one could have called her actually plain. Her hair was soft and abundant, and of a pale, flossy brown; her eyes, too, were brown and kindly, and her large mouth was redeemed from ugliness by the delightful smile which almost invariably lit up her sweet and sensitive-looking face. If she was not and attractive.

So among the crowd of pleasure-seekers in the busy London season Mary Ross was always the gayest of the gay, enjoying life to the uttermost, with that enjoyment which a sound constitution united to an absolutely clean and wholesome heart and nature alone can bring. From her early morning canter in the Park on her beautiful bay mare that her father said was the "best that money could buy," and that she herself spoke of as the "dearest darling geegee in the world," down to the latest dance of the evening, Mary Ross was always full of spirits and gaiety, never sick, never sorry, never tired; always the same—sweet-tempered and considerate to others, full of innocent merriment, and radiant with good health and good temper, and full of a happy conviction of being beloved by her parents and her friends, and thoroughly liked and appreciated by all the rest of the world besides.

Then, one day, there entered into Mary Ross's life that sweet mystery of womanhood which comes in time to the majority of other maidens, be they plain or beautiful, rich or poor. Mary Ross fell in love. It came about in this wise.

It was on the river, on the eve of Henley Regatta in July, that she first saw Captain Herbert Rawle. Mrs. Ross and Mary had gone down to instal themselves on the Monday in the new houseboat which Mr. Ross had just purchased. For, of course, the Rosses possessed everything worth possessing that money could buy-a mansion in town, a moor in Scotland, a villa at Cannes, stalls at the opera, a box at Ascot and at Epsom, a beautiful schooner yacht, and now a houseboat. Mr. Ross only did not own a coach, because he could not for the life of him have driven four horses himself, and a man cannot, unfortunately, depute the driving of his own coach to a dependant.

P to the time when the great trouble of | latest fancy, in fact, which Miss Ross had her life befell her, Mary Ross had led taken into her head. The mother and daughter, an existence perhaps as happy and as assisted by many domestics, were spending a very happy, quiet day together, decorating the Water Lily outside and in, or rather super-The only child of very wealthy parents, who intending and arranging the decorations. They had reached middle age before this treasured were expecting large parties down from London for all three days of the races, and meant to keep an open houseboat all day long for nearly a week in the matter of luncheons, teas and dinners.

"I am sure I don't know how the people are all to get backwards and forwards from the shore," said Mrs. Ross perplexedly, as she stepped back to criticize the pink Liberty silk drapery which a housemaid was wreathing about the open doorway of the saloon. "Hitch it up a little more to the right side, Jane; it hangs down too low in that corner. There--that is better. Don't you think I had better telegraph to your father to get a steam launch

of some kind, Mary?"
"What we want," answered Mary, with her mouth full of tin tacks, for she was nailing some Japanese embroideries between the winwhat we want is a few more boating men to take the women about in the small boats. I shouldn't bother father about the steam launch. It's easy enough to get to land. but really men who can punt, or row, or paddle are rare, and amongst all our guests I can't see more than two or three who will be of the slightest use.'

"Oh, my dear, do you think gentlemen like to be made use of?" said Mrs. Ross doubtfully. Perhaps a boatman or two-

"As if ladies cared to be rowed by boatmen when there are nice gentlemen to be had! interrupted Miss Ross. "No, no, mother darling; no boatmen near the Water Lily, if you please. I wonder who on earth that is?" cried suddenly, peering out of the small window at a passing figure that shot by in an out "Oh, mother, what a handsome man!" Miss Ross was so struck by his beauty that she actually put down her hammer and nails, and went to the door to look at him again.

Captain Herbert Rawle, in dazzling white flannels, was pulling himself away in the sunshine with those long, vigorous, sweeping strokes which betoken the real "river man. Mary watched him from behind the shelter of the pink Liberty silk portiere with admiring eyes. How handsome, how big, how strong he was-this river athlete!

"He is pulling up by the Artemisia - the Weltons' houseboat," she informed her mother. There-there is Helen Welton; she has come out to speak to him. I wonder who he can be. I never saw him before."

Later on Miss Ross set forth by herself in her Canadian canoe, and paddled herself up to the Artemisia, to visit her friends, the Miss Weltons

Well, Helen, and how are you getting on? "Oh, first-rate, and you?"

"Capitally. We have pretty well done everything now, and to-morrow morning the flowers in pots and the hanging baskets will arrive from the nurseryman, and that will finish us. By the way, Helen, you had a visitor this afternoon, hadn't you? I saw you talking to a man in an outrigger.'

"Oh, Herbert Rawle you mean? Oh, yes, he s stopping at the Red Lion; he is a friend of my brother Ted's."

Who is he? An admirer of yours, Helen?" "Oh, dear, no. Poor Captain Rawle! He is

a detrimental; he hasn't a sixpence in this vorld-a veritable pauper." " He doesn't look like a pauper exactly." 'Not in the least, does he? But I expect he trades on his prospects, which are nominally

splendid. He is the second cousin and heir to a marquis; the Marquis of Darberley—a bachelor, you know. Of course if ever Captain Rawle were to succeed his cousin he would be a great catch; but then, old Darberley is only sixty and quite hale and hearty still, and sometime these old men take it into their heads at the eleventh hour to marry, and generally they live till they are ninety. So I don't think so much expectations after all

"He is very handsome," observed Miss Ross

musingly Helen Welton laughed.

"Oh, yes, he is good-looking enough! But. my dear girl, don't you go setting your young affections upon him, for he is just now in hot pursuit of a widow—Mrs. Trelawney."

"'The' Mrs. Trelawney, do you mean? That tall, lovely woman with the golden hair and the glorious eyes?

"The same. They say he worships the ground she treads on; and she has about a thousand a year of her own, and only one small child, so Ted thinks Captain Rawle means business this time. He never takes the faintest notice of girls you know; he says they are not in his However, if you come around this evening after dinner, you and your mother, I will introduce him to you, as he has promised to look in upon us, and to bring his banjo. He

sings quite delightfully. Do come."

Mrs. and Miss Ross did go on board the Artemisia that evening, and were duly introduced to Captain Herbert Rawle. There were other friends there besides the Welton girls and their brothers-quite a little friendly gathering-and Helen sang duets with her sisters, and a Mr. Greaves played the violin very creditably for an amateur, but then the audience was not critical, after which Captain Rawle sang song after song to his banjo. He had a sweet, pure, baritone voice, and he sang well and with great feeling. He looked very picturesque, too, as he sang, leaning against the open doorway in his serge suit, with a scarlet tie knotted loosely around his neck, and with all the beauties of the moonlit river as a background to enhance the effect of his handsome face and figure. And the songs he sang were well calculated to awaken the riving of his own coach to a dependant.

The houseboat was the last new toy—the love songs and pathetic little negro ditties, arms.

deliciously and harmoniously with the stillness and beauty of the summer night.

Often as he sang, Captain Rawle's eyes met those of one of his audience, a sweet-faced, insignificant girl, who sat just oustide in the half-darkness on the cushions of the afterswim, drinking in every note of his music with rapturous delight; and so simple and easy to understand was the face of this unsophisticated maiden that Captain Herbert Rawle, who had a large and varied experience amongst the fair sex, had no difficulty whatever in reading thoughts which were betrayed all too easily in that eloquent, upturned face. And what he read there could not fail to be exceedingly flattering to him.

"Who is that Miss Ross to whom your sister introduced me?" he asked of Ted Welton in a whisper, when he was refreshing himself with me iced claret in the background after one of his best applauded songs.

'It is Miss Ross the heiress," replied his friend, with a laugh. "So you had better cul-

tivate her, my dear fellow. What, the daughter of old Ross, the Greenock millionaire, do you mean?

"The very same. I don't know if he is a millionaire exactly, but at any rate the old boy is very rich indeed. "And as vulgar as you make them! Is that

the mother?" "Yes. She is not interesting, but quite inoffensive; but as to Mary-Mary is a dear girl! She is really a good sort; there is not a bit of pretense or 'side' about her."

'She isn't much to look at," said Captain Rawle depreciatingly.

"Don't you think so? Well, I think her face very sweet. Besides, she is so nice-mannered and amiable; and she is a very clever girl. She and Helen were at school at Brighton together-that is how my people came to know

The immediate result of these revelations was that Captain Rawle went back and took a seat on the cushions by the side of Miss Ross, and opened a conversation with her; and upon that very evening, under the witchery of the dark sapphire sky, spangled with stars and hazy with silver moonshine, whilst the ripple of the water beneath the bows of the boat kept time to their talk, and the occasional dip of a passing oar into the glassy stream broke the sweet stillness of the night-on that very evening did poor Mary Ross lose her heart irrevocably and for ever to handsome Herbert Rawle.

When Mrs. and Miss Ross went away, the former, at a sign from Mary, invited Captain Rawle to join their party on the Water Lily for the races. Captain Rawle thanked her exceedingly, and said that he should be delighted to do so-not, however, to-morrow-he had some friends coming down from town, to whom he must devote himself-but if he might come on Thursday ?- and perhaps Friday, too, if it was not asking too much He was welcome to come any day he liked.

'My daughter tells me we want some more gentlemen who can row and punt, to take our ladies about," explained the good lady frankly and naively, "and we shall esteem it a great favor if you will come and help us, Captain

Captain Rawle bowed.

'If I may be allowed to take Miss Ross out in my punt, I shall be only too happy," he said significantly, with his eyes on Mary's; and Mary's eyes gave back a glowing answer, and then fell confusedly beneath his.

The next day she saw him at a distance in his punt, and was vaguely disturbed to find that the "friends from town" resolved themselves into one friend-the beautiful widow, Mrs. Trelawney, who, attired in an exquisite Parisian raiment of gauzy white, lay back against the pale blue silk cushions of his punt, with a snowdrift of lace above her head to shelter her lovely complexion from the sun.

He did not come near the Water Lily all day but early the next morning he presented himself at the houseboat looking fresh and clean and handsome-a veritable hero out of a picturebook. He was eager to make himself useful, eager to be friends with them all, including Mr. Ross himself, to whom he was specially careful to make himself agreeable, and eager above all to devote himself to Mary. She had a very happy day of it, with Herbert Rawle at her elbow from morning till night, and she enjoyed that punt above all things, and lay back upon the pale blue cushions with a serene forgetfulness of the late occupant of that highly

by this time desperately and deliciously in love, she wilfully shut her eyes to all recollections of the beautiful Mrs. Trelawney. On the third day things were a trifle less delightful. Captain Rawle could only devote himself to the service of Miss Ross during the early part of the day. He was obliged to go up to town by an afternoon train. "Business," he informed her briefly, and with a contraction on his brow which seemed to imply deep regret at being obliged to leave her. Mary asked no questions, and took the word "business" in most literal sense, wishing her swain a kind and almost tender adjeu when the time came for him to eatch his train.

Would she, I wonder, have laid her hand quite so softly in his, or gazed up quite so ador ingly into his handsome face, had she known that the "business" which took him back to London was nothing more than a seven o'clock tete-a-tete dinner at Mrs. Trelawney's house in South Kensington, to be followed by a visit to the Haymarket Theater, with the beautiful widow for his only companion! But "where ignorance is bliss," said the poet Gray, "'tis folly to be wise," and Mary, all unconscious of what had gone on on the third and last evening of Henley Regatta, met Captain Rawle with the brightest welcoming smile when a few days later he came to dine at her father's house

During the next three weeks they met almos daily. He rode with her, danced with her, and was included in all the parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Ross, who, in this as in all else, were ready to give their child all that she wished for. It was perfectly clear to Captain Rawle's comprehension, as he expressed it tersely to a club acquaintance with whom he discussed the situation with shameless candor, that the rich Miss Ross was quite ready to tumble into his

with a refrain in the minor key, which fell in deliciously and harmoniously with the stillness "Art thou there, my dear?"

-Merry Wives of Windsor.

"Salada"

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fellow," he informed his friend with airy com-

Yet he did not ask her; the climax hung fire. Perhaps, indeed, it might never have come off at all; had not an event taken place which hurried Mary Ross's destinies along with it in a totally unexpected manner.

The Marquis of Darberley wrote to his heirpresumptive and informed him that he was about to be married to a lady of twenty-five years of age; and with some polite regrets for spoiling his prospects, he advised his young cousin to follow his example and to marry some lady himself whose dowry might com pensate him for his disappointment.

This marriage meant death to all Herbert Rawle's hopes. He was deeply in debt, and had only carried on his existence for some years past by means of large loans, raised upon his expectations. Everything now threatened to tumble about his ears, and absolute ruin stared him in the face. Mrs. Trelawney's modest jointure was of no sort of use to him now. He heaved a big sigh when he thought of her, and two bitter, burning tears gathered in his eyes, for as far as such a person was capable of loving anybody beside himself, Herbert Rawle undoubtedly loved Blanche Trelawney. He wrote her a broken-hearted letter, called himself by every bad name under the sun, and bade her forget him.

Then he dressed himself carefully, pinned a white gardenia in his button-hole, and after an excellent and recherche dinner at White's Club, betook himself to the Alderworths' ball in Upper Grosvenor street. And at the Aldervorths' ball he met Mary Ross, and laid himself and his broken fortunes at her feet.

"I am a pauper, Mary, and am over head and ears in debt." he told her: "and now my cousin Darberley is going to be married, I haven't even any future prospects. I love you deeply, but I dare not aspire to your hand. I had better wish you good-bye for ever."

"Why should you wish me good-bye?" answered Mary in all good faith, for this frank confession of his position pleased her infinitely it seemed to her to be so honest, so straightforward. "I am not going to part from you, Herbert-if you love me. What does anything

"But I have no money, Mary."
"I have enough for us both," she answered,

"But my debts!"

else matter to me?"

"Father shall pay them all off. Oh, my dear, what on earth does such a miserable thing as money signify between two people who love one another? And I love you so much, Herbert!" she added shyly, slipping her hand into his under cover of the darkness of the conservatory, where they were sitting out a polka together.

Captain Rawle gripped the hand-it was a broad substantial hand, two sizes bigger than Blanche Trelawney's, he thought-and he murmured a loverlike word below his breath.

"I can hardly believe that it is true-really true-that you love me!" whispered Mary back, edging herself a little closer to her lover's shoulder. "I was so afraid there was someone else whom you cared for. Are you sure, Her bert, that it is me, and not that beautiful Mrs, Trelawney, whom you love?"

"Of course I am sure, you silly child!" he answered gaily. "Blanche Trelawney and I are just good old friends-nothing more And Mary believed him firmly and entirely.

Well, the engagement was ratified and made public; the marriage was to take place some time in October, and all went merrily and happily with the bride-elect. Mr. Ross had been at first a little taken aback by the debts and the absolute lack of funds when his wouldavored situation.

Love is proverbially blind, and as Mary was be son-in-law disclosed to him the state of his affairs, but Mary pleaded so hard and was so desperately in earnest in her love, that eventually he consented to the match and

"She is to be had for the asking, my dear agreed to clear the young man before he mar-

The good man consoled himself, too, by the



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the Marquis of Darberley might not improdsor. bably have no heirs, his marriage might prove a childless one, and in that case nothing on earth could prevent Herbert Rawle from becoming in due time a marquis, and his daugh-

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KETS.

WREY-

ter from becoming a marchioness. This thought was balm in Gilead to the soul of James Ross. And now, soon after all was satisfactorily settled and arranged, and Mary in the seventh heaven of her fool's Paradise, there came the first faint rumblings of the impending storm

Bad news from the North. Banks that stopped payment, business that suddenly failed, ships that were wrecked on the high seas. All these things came one on the top of the other, and they affected Mary not a scrap at the beginning of them; it was a nuisance, of course, n the middle of the Dartmouth Regatta, that Mr. Ross should have had to leave his wife and daughter with their guests on the yacht, and harry up to Glasgow on business

But although Mrs. Ross looked rather anxious and worried, Mary did not care a little bit, save only in a dutiful filial manner, that she had to do without papa for the time. Had she not her lover with her? Her handsome, delightful Herbert with whom she was more recklessly and madly in love than ever! Ted and Helen attentions to Helen; also a cousin of her own, niece to Mrs. Ross, a Miss McCleod, to whom Ted was told off. The young people were all very happy together, and did not trouble their all about Mr. Ross's affairs on the banks of the Clyde.

But it was a time of commercial crashes and failures. There was a panic in the city, every-thing was breaking up in the financial world. There were strikes and rumors of strikes in the air, and rich men on the Stock Exchange Herbert Rawle, after a perusal of the morning papers, said to his betrothed:

been hit at all in these panics?"

"Oh, no. I don't suppose so," answered Mary carelessly. "Why should he be?"

"And yet I see that several large mercantile houses in Scotland, and notably at Glasgow and Greenock, have gone bankrupt altogether," persisted Captain Rawle, rather anxiously.

Mrs. Ross, who was passing along the deck at the time when the lovers were sitting to-gether under the awning, overheard the words, and paused to answer them. She was very pale, poor woman, for she knew. But she was loyal to her absent lord, and he had told her to

deny every ill rumor that she might hear.
"It is our only chance," James Ross had written to her. "If we can tide over next week we may pull through, but if McDonald and Turpin go they will pull us down with them, for we have just transacted an unusually large order for them, and if they are unable to pay next week it is all up with us. But hope for the best and deny everything. It is most important to keep up our reputation."

So, faithful to her orders, Mrs. Ross smiled a wan smile as she stopped by her future son-in-

Herbert. His house is on far too firm a basis much capital to fall back upon. Of course it makes Mr. Ross extra busy, and he has to go backwards and forwards between London and Scotland three or four times. It is all very harassing and worrying for him, but he is all right, I am thankful to say.'

Herbert Rawle believed her, and took heart of grace. They went for a lovely cruise that morning upon the dancing blue waters of the Channel, and the beautiful yacht swung gaily before the breeze, and the young people sat in pairs about the deck, and the Foreign Office clerk proposed to Helen Welton and was accepted before lunch time; and Ted Welton, out better than you fear, and if there is any with the experienced help of the skipper, trouble or difficulty tell Mr. Ross to wire to my taught Jessie McCleod how to steer the ship, whilst Herbert and Mary sat forward in the

well fed, to live in the lap of riches and luxury. He really did appreciate his surroundings extremely, and was looking forward very much to the ample provision for the future which his in a few minutes the brave girl was reasoning wealthy father-in-law proposed to make for with herself against this feeling. The Weltons himself and his bride, and the house in May-fair, the hunting-box in the shires, and the comfortable allowance which was to go with It would all be very pleasant and luxurious, and if Mary was to be the necessary encumbrance to these things, she was at any rate as little of a nuisance and as nice a girl as father, but not himself. She strove to console such a rich heiress could be expected to be.

"She might have been much worse," Captain Rawle told himself. "When she is married to me and I have licked her into shape a little rupt, and at first it seemed likely that Mr. more, she will really be quite presentable; and Ross would be absolutely a beggar. Later on I am sure I shall not be at all ashamed of her in any society."

over the dancing waves, and as he had not of the creditors, and which were sufficient to seen Blanche Trelawney for a long time now, he secure him, his wife and daughter from destireally quite thought that he had got over his tution; yet in the first week of the crash even

corner, Mary nestled her head against her lover's shoulder and put up her hand caressingly to his face.

"Do you really love me, Herbert?" she

whispered.

es

"Why, yes, Mary. Of course."
"Oh!" with a little gasping sigh, "it almost frightens me—such happiness seems too much—too great to last! Oh, Herbert, if anything her love. It was an answer to a letter she had were to part us, I think it would kill me!"

"Silly child! What on earth can part us? Are you thinking of throwing me over, pray,

For all answer Mary pressed the longcry, "Put about!" rang along the ship, and education; it will serve me in good stead now.

reflection of a contingency cunningly suggested to him by Captain Rawle himself. After all, and the sails fluttered noisily as they met the and the sails fluttered noisily as they met the wind, and the bowsprit veered around and pointed back towards the coast. And if Mary Ross had only known it, that signal of return was the signal for her also of the end of her good days. The next hour, which took them back to their moorings in Dartmouth harbor,

was her last happy hour for many a long day.

As soon as ever the anchor had clanged heavily down over the side of the yacht the steward came on board with the letters, and with the letters there came a telegram from Mr. Ross to his wife: "Very bad news. Come up to town at once with Mary." That was all, yet to Mrs. Ross, who had been dreading a catastrophe for days past, it was quite enough to tell her that the worst had come to pass.

In one short hour everything was altered on poard the yacht. All was confusion and dismay, guests and hosts alike were hurriedly packing up and preparing for departure. Then came leave-takings, which were constrained and painful on both sides. Somehow, the truth had eked out-that Mr. Ross had been hard hit, and that something like bankruptcy had befallen the great firm of Ross & Co.

For all Mrs. Ross's reticence she had been unable to deny this much, and when people are in trouble the first thought of all their friends Welton were staying on the yacht, too; and a and acquaintances is to get away from them as Foreign Office clerk who was paying serious quickly as possible. Ted Welton was taking his sister home, the Foreign Office clerk had telegraphed to some friends at Torquay to take him in, Jessie McCleod was to join her mother in North Wales, and Captain Herbert Rawle announced that he should go to his married sister's in Dorsetshire. Mary made one effort to retain her lover.

"Don't leave us, Herbert," she pleaded earnestly. "Come up to London with mother and You would be such a help, such a comfort to us all, and if bad times are coming to us, to were reduced in a day to beggary. One day have you with me would just make all the of death. difference. Do come with us."
"Well-no, I really think I had better not,"

"I hope your father's absence is not connected in any way with all these crashes in the city. He is in London now, again, I believe; has he rather expects me to pay her a visit once a year, and it's quite a short journey to get to her from here. I think I'd better go there to-day, and you can write to me and tell me exactly how things are.

Captain Rawle looked pale and worried, for Mr. Ross's ruin would mean ruin to himself He felt very uneasy indeed.

"Be sure you write to me directly, Mary: I shall be awfully anxious to hear," he added earnestly.

Mary did not urge him to come to London any longer. She was disappointed, of course. but she saw the force of his argument. If it was, as he said, necessary for him to pay a visit to his sister Mabel, why then, of course, it was quite reasonable that he should do so now that he was at so get-at-able a distance from where she lived. They all went on shore together and parted at the station.

The London train started the first, and Mary and her mother wished good-bye to the rest from the carriage window. Mary had no private parting words with her lover; somehow they had never been alone for two minutes w's deck-chair.

"Oh, that does not affect Mr. Ross at all, them to town. She had tried to have a word or two with him before she started, but the to be touched by all these panics which are opportunity never came. Afterwards—during carrying off the smaller firms who have not so -it seemed to her that perhaps there had been a purpose in it, and that it was he who had avoided the chances of a tete-a-tete. But it did not enter into her head to think so at the time Yet it did hurt her a little that it was Ted Welton and not Herbert who brought some papers and magazines for her to the carriage, and laid a bunch of red roses on her lap, and it was Ted who was the last to grip her hand and to whisper to her as the train began to move:

"Dear Miss Ross, I am so very sorry for you -you are so very brave and plucky. You must hope for the best, and perhaps things will turn governor, and I know he will help him all he can, and so will I-you may be sure of that!"

bows and whispered loving things to one another in perfect happiness and security.

For really Captain Rawle was beginning to be quite fond of his Mary by this time; she was so flatteringly in love with him, so absolutely devoted to him, and so submissively anxious to fulfil his faintest wishes. Besides which, it and miserable, almost sulky; he just waved was so pleasant to be so well cared for and so his hand to her, but he had no farewell smile to give her.

She sank back into her corner of the carriage with a miserable sense of disappointment, yet quite as sorry for her as Ted Welton was, but he had not the power to offer any practical help. Possibly that was one of the chief causes of his gloom-that others might be of use to her herself with this reflection.

It was not many days later that the blow fell upon her. The house of Ross & Co. was bankit was found that there was still a modest competence left for him out of the wreck of his So he was quite happy this morning, smoking fortunes, there were some settlements and his pipe by her side, whilst the schooner flew investments which were safe from the claims

> during these first days of panic and dismay that Mary's great trouble fell upon her. There came to her a letter from Dorsetshire which with a cruel and heartless plainness put written to Captain Rawle-a letter breathing of love and trust, and full of pluck and con-

fidence in the man she loved. "If I am poor in all else," she had written, "I am, at any rate, rich in one thing-that I fingered, aristocratic hand furtively and pas- possess your love. I am not afraid of poverty sionately to her lips, and at that moment the with you by my side. I have a good musical

I intend to give music lessons. Already I have been promised two pupils, Mrs. Hartley's little girls, and no doubt more will come. Papa thinks Mr. Welton will be able to get you something to do in the city, and don't you think we had better wait a year or two, dearest Herbert? It will be wise, I am sure, to post-pone our wedding. Meanwhile we can both work, and meet often, and be true to one another, and the time will pass quickly enough. Oh, after all, dearest, what does money matter, as you have often said to me, if we love each

And then, after two days, there came Captain Rawle's reply:

"DEAR MARY,-At the risk of giving you pain it is better that I should be perfectly frank with you. It is quite out of the question that our engagement can continue. I am too poor a man to venture upon matrimony under the sadly altered circumstances, and I am totally unfitted for work of the kind to which you allude, even if a situation were already awaiting me in the city. I have no business capacities, and I have, moreover, a very strong dis inclination to venture upon what is called 'love in a cottage.' It is much better for us both to face the facts and to accept them. Our mar-riage cannot possibly take place, either now or in a few years' time. I should not think it right to tie you down to a long engagement. and to tell you the truth I should be very sorry to pledge myself to anything of the kind. It is much wiser to wish each other farewell at once and for ever. I shall always remain your true and sincere friend, and retain a grateful recollection of your affection and your many kindnesses to me. - Yours sincerely, Herbert Rawle."

Mary Ross was very ill indeed after the

receipt of this letter. For days she was delirious, and her life was in danger. The loss of her money had left her brave and untouched, but the loss of her love brought her to the point

At length, youth and a naturally good con-stitution pulled her through the fever, and she came back slowly to her maimed and altered life. And almost the first news that had to be broken to her when she was strong enough to bear it, was the news of Captain Herbert

Would You Like A BICYCLE OR A GOLD WATCH?

and 27 GOLD WATCHES 12 STEARNS' BICYCLES

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EVERY FOR

LEVER BROS., Limited, TORONTO.

One loaf of bread may be light, sweet and digestible. You may use the same materials for another and have it heavy, sour and soggy. The knack is in putting the ingredients together just right. A substitute for Scott's Emulsion may have the same ingredients and yet not be a perfect substitute, for no one knows how to put the parts together as we do. The secret of "how" is our business-twenty-five years of experience has taught us the best way.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.



Chinese Sacred Lily Chinese Sacred Lily
The following Bulbs are strictly first-class, and will produce lots of bloom during the winter months: 1 Chinese Sacred Lily; 3 Dutch Myscinths, red, white and blue; 3 Roman Hyacinths, red, white and blue; 6 Narcissus Poaticus; 3 Allium Neapolitanum; 3 Tulips Duc Van Tholl; 1 Narcissus Grand Primo; 3 Spanish Iris; 3 Scilla Amonea Siberia; 2 Comassia Esculenta.

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Ludella Ceylon Tea is nearer to perfection than anything yet produced, and

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> The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.

The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other.

Entire base radiates heat.

Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickled.

A Triumph of Art and Utility.

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LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

*>>>>>>>

THOUSANDS OF LOVELY WOMEN sing the praises of DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WATERS AND FOULD'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP. They are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove PIMPLES, FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, MOTH, SALLOW-NESS, TAN, REDNESS, OILINES, and all other facial and bodily blemishes preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can. Wafers, per box, 50c. and §1: 6 large boxes, §5; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Rawle's marriage to Mrs. Trelawney! He had gone back quickly enough to his first love, and in the desperate state of his affairs had been fain to content himself with her hundreds in the place of Mary's vanished thousands.

When her health was restored, Mary took up the burden of her life again, unrepiningly and bravely. Her parents went to live at Hamp stead, in an old-fashioned house surrounded by a large, pleasant garden, and here for many years Mary was the light and life of the simple home life. Mr. Ross had begun the world again and went daily into the city. Mrs. Ross looked after the housekeeping and the cookery, and superintended the domestic arrangements of the small establishment, and Mary gave music lessons to several little pupils in the neighborhood, and made and altered her own and her mother's dresses in the evenings. For a long time she carried about a very sore heart,

and ceased to believe in men or in love at all. Yet there is no evil under the sun for which Time has not a remedy, and when six years had come and gone, and Ted Welton asked her for the third time whether she would not change her mind and marry him, Mary consented in the end to reward his faithful love and to be-

"You know, Ted, that I can never love you in the way that you deserve to be loved," she said, with tears in her eyes, as she laid her hand in his. "I am very fond of you, for you are very good and kind to me, but I can never feel for you as I did for him. It is not in me any more, I suppose!"

"I know, Mary, dear. I quite understand, and I will expect no more from you than you can freely give me," answered Ted, as he lifted her hand reverently to his lips.

Mary is a happy wife and mother to-day, and the Weltons are quite a model couple. Yet for all that, the memory of that first love and of its disastrous termination has left deep scars upor Mary's heart and character, which she will carry with her down to her grave. THE END.

Next week's story will be MIMA: A TALE OF THE SUDAN. By ULYSSES ROGERS

A Winter Home in Toronto.

Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front (the most modern hotel in the city, steam heated, baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be released to rive special rates. pleased to give special rates.

At Nine King Street West.

"Meet me at Muller's." This is the trite saying that makes Muller's the place of meeting for gentlemen who desire to make appointments. It's a capital place for down-town meeting, and G. W. Muller requests that all who may desire to shall use his parlors and smoking rooms at their convenience.

Mrs. de Temper—I am not happy with my husband. Shall I drive him away! Lawyer—His life is insured in your favor, isn't it? Mrs. de Temper—Yes: I made him do that before we married. Lawyer—Well, don't drive him off. He'll die quicker where he is.—New York Weekly.

Good Times Coming.

Under the use of Scott's Emulsion all the organs and tissues take on new life. The mind acts with new vigor, the heart beats stronger and the blood is greatly enriched.

The Saturday Night Building has been very successful as an office building, their being little room to be let. This is an evidence of its popularity and of the wisdom of its location, near the new City Hall. There is a nice room now vacant on the first floor which it would be well to inspect if you are thinking of a change. See the business manager.

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J. R. LEE - Chemist and Druggist Cor. Queen and Seaton and 407 King St. East. Phone 581 Phone 591

DYSPEPSIA Indigestion, Loss of Constipa-tion, Liver Complaint, cured by Thompson's Bys-peptic Cure. Try it once and be convinced of its tonic properties. Has cured hundreds and will cure

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CANCER Tumors and all Blood Disorders conquered; scinific vegetable treatment at home. No knife or plaster. Full particulars by mail or at office; much valuable matter in 100 page book, all free, Write Hent, C. The Abbott Myron Mason Medical Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

Father (at breakfast)-How did young Snodgrass like my turning off the gas at nine o'clock last night? Daughter (surprised) - Why, papa -I-he-we didn't know that you did. -Puck.

He—Isn't it a disagreeable feature of golf, losing the ball so often? She—Oh, no; that's the only way George and I could get out of hearing of the caddie for an instant.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Blinkly—John, dear, won't you discharge Mary? You know how afraid I am of her. Mr. Blinkly—Certainly. No servant can ever scare me. (A little while after.) Mary—ahem! Mrs. Blinkly has asked me to tell you that she wants to see you after I have gone to the office.—Brooklyn Life.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY	NIGHT is a T	welve-page, hand	somely illus
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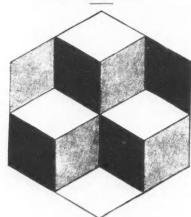
Our Christmas Number.



SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS will this year be an unusually good one. In preparing it the ruling purpose has been to produce a first-class book and two first-class pictures, entirely Canadian, that would have a good influence on affairs as they exist at present. Thousands of copies of our Christmas Number are sent to England, Ireland and Scotland, and this year we have seen to it that wherever copies are sent the readers of it shall be made to understand that the Canadian climate has long been libelled. Britishers at home are warned that the Klondike is one thousand miles north of those agricultural lands to which Old Country people are invited. The intention is to save Canada from injury when it becomes known next spring how men have suffered in the struggle for gold in the far north. The Number contains also an illustrated article on the St. Lawrence River by Charles Gordon Rogers, and the purpose of this is to bring that river under the notice of Englishmen as the great place of summer resort. The time is peculiarly suited for pushing Canada upon the attention of the Old World, and SATURDAY NIGHT never issued a Christmas Number that could do the country so much good abroad as this one.

Above is given a sketch of the cover design, Elk Hunting in the Rockies. The premium pictures are a fine pair, The First Harvest in Canada, and Sixty Years After. These are beautiful colored plates made from pictures specially painted for us by Mr. J. D. Kelly of Toronto. There have been great changes in the world in the sixty years of the Queen's reign, but nowhere have the changes been so marked as in Canada, where the log houses, the oxen and rough clearings of the pioneers have been replaced by the comfortable homes of to-day. These pictures bring this out well.

Something to Look At.



Here is a curiosity. Look at it and you will see one cube resting on two others or two cubes resting on one. Once your eyes have found two conceptions in the picture, you will find the conceptions alternate every time you wink. If you can only get one view of this picture, turn the paper upside down for a second, then wink your eyes and you will probably find that the picture has "turned over," too. Once the conceptions of the picture begin alternating, the reader will find that the phenomenon will repeat itself indefinitely, even in defiance of

Basis of Political Success.

From 'Varsity. Heard at Convocation.

Hon. Ed. Blake-After all, what is the surest basis of political success?

Voice from the gallery-Boodle

The Bicycle Stoop.

"Our landlady has had to have six inches sawn off the legs of nearly all the dinner tables.

"What on earth for?" "Nearly all the boarders are bicycle scorchers."

The Drama

THE GEISHA, as nearly every one is already aware, deals principally with the Japanese idea of the equivalent of a London music hall, the chief interest centering in the escapades of a young English girl who takes a notion into her pretty little head that she would like to be a Geisha, but while acting the part she is unfortunately selected as the prospective bride of the Marquis Imari, who is the governor, magistrate and police force of the province, and has a lively time getting out of the clutches of the amorous Marquis; but she is, of course, finally successful, and the denouement is bliss and orange blossoms, and all that sort of thing. These are the main features, but they serve as pegs to hang a good many other interesting little incidents upon.

The music of the Geisha has long ago run the gauntlet of the critics, who have praised it and found fault with it alternately, as is the manner of critics, until the great amusement-loving public has brushed them aside and, having made its own decision, has set its seal of approval upon the result of the united efforts of Messrs. Hall, Jones and Greenbank.

An evening with The Geisha is a pleasant evening-as pleasant as any I have ever spent. but it is not an opera that many people will care to see twice. Its music will not reach that zenith of popularity represented by the barrel-organ and the street piano, and the tunefully disposed newsboy will not adopt its airs in addition to his own to any large extent; but it is bright and well written, and fully deserved the extraordinarily cordial reception accorded it on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The personnel of the cast is, with one or two exceptions, tolerably familiar to us. Mr. Charles W. Swain as Wun-Hi, the proprietor of the tea-house of ten thousand joys, played his part to the very life, and was just the sort of chap that the owner of so large an allowance of undiluted amusement might be supposed to be; the Marquis Imari, who is a sort of cross between Assistant City Clerk Littlejohn and a Spanish brigand, was excellently portrayed by Mr. Mark Smith, under whose direction the opera is produced, and Miss Linda Da Costa made a very acceptable Molly Seymour and was adequately supported by the balance of the cast.

That the part of Tommy Stanley, midshipman from H.M.S. Thistle, was taken by a young lady was sufficiently apparent, notwithstanding an excellent "make-up," of the intricacies of which I am becomingly ignorant; but it was made still clearer by a little incident that did not escape the sharp eyes of Mrs. Q. In one of the choruses sung by the five young officers of the Thistle, they have occasion to button up their jackets and assume that boltupright, unintelligent aspect which is usually employed to typify martial heroism in the first degree. Tommy buttoned his-or shall I say hers?-with the right side over the left, which I am informed by the excellent authority above referred to is an exclusively feminine method of fastening outer garments, the habit of the other sex being just the reverse. This is a serious blunder, Tommy, and I trust it will not occur again. One can't be too careful in these matters, and if you really want to be taken for a young gentleman you must at least learn how to put your-ahem !-clothes on.

I am genuinely glad to see that Shore Acres will be seen at the Grand the first three nights of next week. If any words of mine will add to the warmth of the welcome Mr. Jas. A. Herne will receive, they will not be wanting. In my judgment, whatever that may be worth, it is the sweetest thing we in Toronto have a chance to see. It is more a photograph than a play, and less a drama than a solid chunk of rural New England cut squarely out of the lives of the people and brought to us, still fresh and throbbing with the breezy, healthful life of the farm by the ocean. I do not as a rule commit myself to advance notices, and that I do so in this case is proof that Shore Acres has a very strong hold upon me.

The sensations produced by a visit to the spectacular attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week are of a somewhat variegated character-some serious, some sad, with the mocking echoes of vanished mirth lingering somewhere in the dim distance and only remotely connected with that fearsome tragedy intituled Shannon of the Sixth. There have been various causes assigned for the great Sepoy rebellion, with which the play professes to deal, but if Mr. Power's aggregation properly depicts the military Englishman of the period in India, the reason for the uprising is painfully obvious. Mr. Power is a capable actor, though hardly of stellar rank as yet; and there are some clever people in his company, and their work is conscientious and painstaking; but the piece itself is such a jumble of improbabilities that they hardly appear to very good advantage. Still, it has the requisite number of sensations, and a fair proportion of soul-moving thrills, and any amount of startling surprises with plenty of noise, so that the leading requisites for firstclass melodrama are not wanting. The villain is tall, dark and good-looking, with the sweetest little black mustache conceivable, so that his utter infamy is satisfactorily apparent at a glance, and all the other appointments are as orthodox as the Shorter Catechism. It has been played, however, to a week's good business, so that our people are not at all in Mr. Power's debt.

The Cummings Stock Company have this week presented the excellent farce, Pink Dominoes, at the Princess Theater, and Mr. Cummings has had another opportunity of demonstrating the wide range of his repertoire. This time he was the naughty husband, and his Charles Greythorne has been as enjoyable as his other impersonations. Although the frame-work of Pink Dominoes is not new, the elaboration of it is very clever, the complications genuinely amusing, and the characterizations in most cases uncommonly good. It is, in common with nearly all farces, a piece in which the humor lies mainly in the situations. The humor of character, such as Sol Smith Russell portrays on the stage, and with which

Dickens filled his novels, is out of place in a farce. The action is too quick for the slow-going process of character sketching. What is done, more than what is said, constitutes the important points, and character only comes out inci-dentally. But the eccentricities of human nature, after all, supply the best material for genuine humor, and the more an actor can put of human nature into his part, without interfering with the working of the plot or drawing importance from the situations, the more satisfying does the piece become. The power to do this constitutes, I suppose, the difference between good acting and bad acting, and this is exactly the power Mr. Cummings and his company possess.

Pink Dominoes is familiar to many theaterers, and for those who have not seen it, to outline the plot would be to undervalue its merit. A couple of rather "gay" husbands, an unsuspicious wife and a knowing one, a harmless old scalawag of the bald-head type, and a nephew who does him credit, the demure but deep parlor maid, the strictly virtuous middle-aged female, a bal masque, three pink dominoes which get mixed up, a supper and a trap for the husbands-all sound uncommonly old and time-worn. A glance at the play itself, however, as acted this week, would show that the oldest themes are fresh when treated artistically, and the most time-worn situations amusing when acted naturally. mings shares the honors pretty fairly with the other principal members of the cast, and no one had a much more important role than the others. Miss Blanche Douglas as Sophie Greythorne, the unsus picious wife, was charming. Miss Nettie Mar shall as Lady Waggstaff was also very good. Rebecca, as acted by Miss Helen Byron, seemed to me to be a trifle stiff and unnatural. Mr. Shaw was good and Mr. Cummings was as clever as usual.

In the second act Charles Greythorne and Sir Percy Waggstaff, in one of the brightest bits of dialogue in the play, are defending their respective positions. Waggstaff claims that he is superior to his friend, in that he doesn't attempt to hide his lapses from propriety from his wife. He boasts in not being a hypocrite. Greythorne, on the other hand, claims the lof-tier moral standing, on the ground that he is a hypocrite; that he still has a strong enough sense of the proprieties not to wish to "en-courage himself;" that he has fine enough feeling to want to keep his wife in the dark. The author evidently intends us to think that Greythorne was right. It's quite an idea when you come to think of it.

Everything points to C. LeRoy Kenney, A.T.C.M., being greeted with a full house when he produces his new monologue, Atlantic



C. LeRoy Kenney.

Antics, in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening next. We learn that this is to be something entirely new in the entertainment line. Mr. Donald Herald, pianist, will assist. Plan at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's on and after October 23.

Musicians and others will be interested in a notice in our advertising columns about Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher's musical kindergarten

Frank Daniels is presenting The Idol's Eye at the Grand during the latter half of this week.

The sale of seats for the Black Patti engagement at the Toronto Opera House during the week of Nov. 1 will begin at nine a.m. on Monday, October 25, at the box-office of the theater. As usual, there will be no deviation from the customary schedule of "popular prices" so long in



The Black Patti.

enormous expense entailed in securing the attraction, it is considered a great concession on the part of the management to allow the regular house prices to remain unchanged. Manager Small is authority for the statement that it will be necessary for the Toronto to be filled at every performance in order that the Black Patti Company may close the week with a profit. It is probable that a "bargain matinee" will be given on each day during the engagement, with the possible exception of

The drama editor of the Toledo Blade writes as follows: It seems strange that the profession

New York press, when it is openly reported that a number of the so-called critics on these papers will write on either side of the question, just as they are influenced or paid. There is another class of writers on things theatrical in New York who are bright and cultured and who use the names of the ladies and gentlemen in the profession as a kind of literary clothes-horse upon which to hang their brilliant sarcasms and peculiar jugglery of the English language. And yet the whole class of actors and actresses, from the highest to the lowest, yearn for the approval of the metropolitan critics-the men who will have none of Sol Smith Russell, who are not too favorable to Nat Goodwin, who are never just to Richard Mansfield, and who gush over the beauty of the more or less gay girls from Paris, who devote columns to Merode and go into ecstasies every time Anna Held takes a milk bath. Bah!

Sidetracked will be put on at the Toronto Opera House next week.

The famous explorer, Dr. Fridtiof Nansen, sailed from Liverpool last Saturday on the Cunarder Lucania. He is expected to reach New York on October 23.



VERY noticeable fact this fall is the prevalence of employees' bicycle races. Every Saturday the tracks at the Woodbine, Rosedale, Dufferin Park and Exhibition Park, are worked to From early morning till after dark they witness the running of the ten-mile handicap, which seems to be the favorite contest in shop races." Bicycle factories and agencies have been pestered continuously for the loan of racing-wheels, or racing-tires, or ram's-horn handles, for the last three weeks. A man in one of these agencies describes the typical "would-be" and the modest way he goes about the business: "He comes in to the private room and confidentially leans over the desk. , he says, 'I rode from such and such a school-house to such and such a pump in twenty minutes and sixteen seconds. Now, what are you going to do for me?' 'Do for you? I reply. 'Do for you! Why, I'm going to give you one hundred dollars. What did you suppose I was going to do for you?""

The ten-mile handicap of the "shop races" is a very painful affair. Skinny individuals generally, with ungainly positions on nondescript wheels, are designated the "limit men," and toil wearily around the track at the rate of seven miles an hour. These never deign to more than take off their coats; and their varioushued braces crossed over their backs like St. Andrew's crosses, together with the look of suffering on their faces, give one the impression that they are martyrs of some kind or other. Then come the six-minute men and the five, and so on, each batch looking a little more business-like than the last and each claiming that the handicappers have soaked them. 'Look at Wiggins up there—a minute ahead of me. He can ride twice as fast as I can, and I've only got one toe-clip. This handicapping is a put up job all right." Finally there come the scratch mer, who ride the first lap like demons, feeling the eye of the public upon them. Their ardor cools somewhat after the first lap, but they work their hardest all the time. Meanwhile the scorers get things everlastingly mixed. For the life of them they don't know for certain who is leading. One card shows number two, a limit man, as being three laps ahead of the The scorers know very well that all the limit men have been passed by men who started behind them. Another card shows a scratch man in the front. The scratch men can be seen bunched together, so that is wrong. No two cards show the same thing. They fix it up somehow, sending some men two or three laps too many, and stopping others a lap or so short; then, when it's over, they give out each man's time to a fifth of a second, and prepare to withstand arguments, for there never was a shop handicap yet without arguments. One rider has all his friends to prove that he passed a man in the back stretch in the fifteenth lap, which man has been put down as finishing two minutes and three seconds ahead of him. But hy sticking together and lying boldly in unison the scorers, judges and time-keepers argue him down and he goes away grumbling. All his friends agree that it's a shame, "but never mind, old man, you can beat him anyhow.' 'Pshaw, I'll give that Wiggins two minutes in a mile and beat him," the old man replies. 'He's just a dub! I knew that before I started me with only one toe-clip."

The Y.M.C.A. Association team launched surprise on the knowing ones by defeating the hitherto almost invincible Riversides quite handily last Saturday. Although darkness drew down before the game was actually finished it could not but be conceded that the Y.M.C.A. superiority had been clearly demonstrated by the score of 2 to 0. The winners are but a young organization, and if they continue to develop in the way they have started there is only one place for them. They have, however, lost two games and drawn another, so the championship this season is hardly attainable, but they will be a strong factor in its disposition. The Scots and Gore Vales fought every inch of ground in their game, and the score of 3 to 2 in favor of the Scots gives evidence of just how hard the match was. The Inter-College League furnished another surprise in the Trinity Meds. turning Osgoode down to the tune of 2 to 0. The Rouge et Noir joined the league this year for the first time and were not considered so strong as they have proved themselves. The play was not of the highest calibre, the players seemingly taking full advantage of

cares so much for the opinions expressed by the its being the initial game of the series. Owing to the silence of the constitutions of the two leagues, both teams made use of players who are also figuring in the Toronto Senior League. This seems to be a mistake, and players who are eligible for both leagues should be made make an election. The leagues are two separate organizations existing side by side, and their identities are rendered practical nullities by the intermingling of players being counten anced by the leagues' constitutions. Propositions are on the tapis of a deciding game between representatives of the two leagues which would be reduced to an absurdity if the above practice is permitted to continue. On Monday the Toronto Meds. went down before the Dentals by 2 to 0, and S.P.S. and Victoria played a draw, each scoring four goals.

> O. R. U. RECORD. SENIOR SERIES-FIRST ROUND. No 1st Game. 2nd Game. INTERMEDIATE SERIES-FIRST ROUND. Varsity II.
> T.A.C.-Lornes II.
> Osgoode Hall II.
> Queen's II.
> Granites..
> R. M. C.
> St. Catharines
> Hamilton II. Petrolea defaulted to London. JUNIOR SERIES—FIRST ROUND.
>
> 1st Game. 2nd Game 'Varsity III.
> Wellingtons
> Granites II.
> Brockville II.
> Hamilton III.
> Patroles II. QUEBEC UNION. Lost Ottawa City

Montreal..... McGill College. Ottawa City... The 'Varsity Rugby men managed to break even with the T.A.C.-Lornes on Saturday last at Rosedale, but as the Hyphen team had a lead of 12 points from the previous match, this snuffs out 'Varsity for the season. There was a big wind blowing and 'Varsity did not seem to make the least use of it, and the loss of the match must be charged to the 'Varsity halves, who repeatedly failed to make use of the ball when Hobbs gave it them. I do not think that Hobbs ever played so well at quarter as he has done in these two games, and if he had had such a man as Counsell behind him, with Boyd outside instead of at center half, there might have been quite another story. Hobbs fought against great odds. The inside wing men of the Hyphen team are hard to hold. It must be added that Moss has scarcely ever yet been marked successfully by any man who has tried to do it. Morrison, at full-back for 'Varsity, cannot be said to have developed at all since last year. Hobbs was the star of his own team -not that he tried to star-but he had too many new men under his command. If the team could hold together it would probably play well in another fortnight. The Hyphen team will require to play a better game than that of last Saturday to win the champion ship, and no doubt Capt. Gilmour's men can do it, for they were no doubt content to pull safely through the first round. Gilmour played a fine game and proved himself an expert in place kicking and in rapidly deciding what to do. Eby and Merritt were not playing on Saturday, and they are two of the best men in the team. They will play to-day at Hamilton, and probably a very large crowd will go with the team to the Ambitious City on the special excursion. Mr. Bayley again proved himself one of the very best referees possible, his reputation for strict rulings having a distinct fluence upon the character of the game.

The surprise of the week was the way Varsity II. pulled up and defeated T.A.C. Lornes II. in the first round, intermediate. The College boys were nine points behind when the game started, yet they not only gained these, but quit with eight points to the good. After this showing, compared with the poor game played by Osgoode II. against Queen's last Saturday morning, it seems likely that the legalites' second team will be wiped out to-day. A large crowd will probably go to Hamilton with the T.A.C.-Lornes to-day, but many will prefer to stay at home to witness the game at Rosedale between Osgoode and Queen's. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick will come up from Ottawa to kick off the ball.

As one of the local papers expressed it recently, the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association shows great valor in going about killing dead people. Shea and Murphy have been shut out of Rugby on the ground of professionalism, but little credit can be claimed by the guardians of the purity of amateur sport, since these two men had been involved in a lawsuit which hinged upon their amateur status. There are others. An organization professing to stand guard should occasionally be on duty. Probably one of the reasons of the inactivity of which many complain may be lack of funds to pay the necessary expense of keeping posted : if so, it should be our effort to put the C. A. A. A. on a better financial basis.

The Toronto Ten-Pin Bowling League has been organized, and the Athenaum Club, Liederkranz, Governor-General's Body Guards Queen's Own Rifles, Royal Grenadiers, the banks and insurance companies have entered teams. Play will begin about November 1, and each team will have eighteen matches. A bank league has also been formed, and teams from the Dominion, Imperial, Toronto, and Traders' Banks are entered. A team picked from these bank teams will play in the city league.

If it is true that Mr. Collins intends to get up a team of Canadian cricketers to go to England next season, it is to be hoped that the very best players in the country will go. Unless the team is as strong, at the very least, as the average eleven that represents Canada against the United States, it would be bad business to send a team at all in the name of Canada. If one big eleven can be induced to go I am sure cricketers generally would be pleased to see the venture made. THE UMPIRE.

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The Awakening of Precosia.

VEN an energetic mortal must sleep at times, and Precosia sleeps well when she has once started. I had passed three hours in that tight, gentle, placid condition that makes me think sometimes that I can't be so old after all, when a rapid combination of cells inside my head said, "You'd better wake up; something's happening." I need not explain how I opened my eyes or straightened out in bed silently to meet sudden death or the come-atlast housebreaker. The room was dark, I knew that the windows were open, and Precosia was sleeping. But from the direction of a small table which stands in front of the largest window there came a sound of scratching.

'A mouse," I said to myself; "is that all? I hope it will go away soon."

Precosia was still sleeping. I shut my eyes

again, not meaning to be defrauded of my own share of that happiness, but the mouse was as loud and persistent as the voice of a Rugby captain who confines his playing to the referee, and it seemed to be administering a succession of free kicks to a piece of tough paper. I had to make up my mind what that paper was before I could go to sleep. I fixed my mental vision on the table, and a paper-covered copy of The Christian rose distinctly before my sight. The mouse was evidently punishing the heavilyinked features of Hall Caine. There was also a short piece of pink candle in a choice bed-room andle-stick on the table, and I concluded that

the mouse must have come for that. Probably

he meant to wrap it up in the cover of The

Christian and carry it home. This time I was in earnest about going to sleep, for although I not alarm me; it is only when the defenceless creature runs for the protection of my skirts that I wish to defy gravitation and ascend. But there was something unusual about this mouse; such clawing, such apparent rapidity of motion was not natural. I began to feel that it

was hardly fair that Precosia should still be sleeping. She said afterwards that she wasn't-she often says that -but I had called her three times softly through the dark before she answered.

"Precosia, Precosia, are you asleep?" I began to think that it must be a demon mouse. At last she answered. "
Then I said, "Do you hear that mouse, Pre-

cosia? It must be after the candle.'

After a moment of silent reflection Precosia replied in the abstracted manner of one who may go to sleep again at any moment, "I think it must be a bird."

I didn't consider that suggestion worthy of Precosia's intellect, and replied with decision that I was sure that it was a mouse. Then we both lay still and listened for some time. I was wondering whether Precosia wouldn't feel like throwing her shoe at our timid visitor, but neither of us made any suggestions. Finally I sat up in bed and remarked with some derision, "I don't suppose that anything will hurt me if I step on the sofa and light the gas." I don't think I could have done it if I had had to step on the floor, but fortunately the long, flat ounge is within stepping distance of the bed. For a wonder I did not stumble over Precosia, tall and active member of the combination, neither did I find a burnt match where the might hurl the basket and the bat with fearful usable matches might have been expected. The match lit as soon as I struck it and a flare of gas leaped up, suddenly shutting out all the dim sky and the moving tree-tops that come

close to the windows. I turned and looked, and I have no doubt that Precosia did the same, but there was no mouse, nor bird, nor living thing to be seen. The scratching ceased for a moment, but by the time I had looked at The Christian and inspected the waste-paper basket it had begun again, and it came from behind a photograph of The Holy Family by Murillo, that hangs over the center window. Then it flashed upon me what it was, something far worse than a mouse, and I fled back to the comfortable shelter of my own bed, entrenching myself

ehind the clothes. I told Precosia what I thought it was and she agreed with me instantly. We sat and watched The Holy Family, and a claw came around the side of the picture. The creature had been trying to get a foothold and now it climbed well. Soon two ears that looked like horns appeared over the top of the frame, and then the whole animal perched there with evident satisfaction and looked at us like a young devil. I had the sorry consolation of being right; it was a bat. We laughed of course, but cold shivers were running down my back like rain. Then the bat rose in the air and swooped and swooped as if it were traveling on a switch-

back. Ours is a nice large room, and there was

ample space for some pretty managuvring. Now the peculiar terror of a bat is this-handed down to successive generations of children by cautioning nursery maids-that a bat will inevitably fly at your head and, tangling its evil claws in your long hair, will cling there until the hair is cut off. I do not know in the least whether this is true or not, I am inclined to think that it is a fable; but that is of no use to me; I was too young when the hobgoblin got me; it would take a critical operation now to keep me from ducking my head. The nursery maid used to recommend a towel when the bat came; it never did so long as she was in charge, but years after I have become a long-haired, self-protectng victim, here was the bat. Precosia and I have had some practice in watching flying objects, thank heaven, and we sat in bed with our hands clasped over our knees and faithfully followed the flight of the avenging deity with straining eyes. Presently the bat hung on to a corner of the room for a rest. Precosia, who is energetic, sprang up.

'I might knock it down with a towel." "What good would that do?" I replied ombrely. "It would only begin to fly again; sombrely. you couldn't kill it with one blow."

The bat evidently heard us, and rose in the air. Then Precosia began to mourn over our innocent sleeping family. It would be a dread-ful shame if the bat were to fly out of the door and get downstairs. I told her to wait until the bat took another rest, and then shut the with his hat well back and the hair tumbled

time the bat clung to the wall above the book-case, and Precosia shut the door with filial fondness evident in her face. Then the sight of Hon. A. J. Balfour's photograph on the top of the bookcase stunned the bat, and it fell down in front of it, apparently in worship, I am deeply grateful to Mr. Balfour, for this was only put that photograph there the day before. Precosia, with what I felt to be real courage,

went over and looked at the bat.
"It is very much like a mouse," she said.
I now would have thought that it was more like a bird if it had not been so exactly like the devil. But this seemed to be an immense opportunity for getting rid of the bat, only neither of us could think of anything to do. I thought of a towel. I suppose Precosia did too, as she has more executive ability than I have, but in that case the bat would have to be lifted, and there are limits to human endurance. No one could have done that. But now my eyes fell on a small, shallow, Japanese basket, the offering of a friend; so, by the way, is the candlestick; so also is the bookcase. Indeed, we have a number of very nice friends. I scattered the contents of that basket hurriedly over the table and joined the heroic Precosia in the contemplation of the prostrate bat. It seems impossible, but I clapped that sweet Japanese basket over the bat and got him. There was no radical defect in my aim. But how that bat did squeak and how horribly it moved! I kept my young, unglad hand on the top of the basket and shricked to Precosia for some books so that we might anchor the bat's prison. She brought Mrs. Sutherland Orr's Life of Robert Browning, am a woman, a mouse on the far side of the room occupied in providing for its family does this time neither of us had any regard for the



It is one of the bitterest reflections connected with that stimulating night that both Precosia and I might have died stage deaths and no one would have been any the wiser until breakfast time, or, so far as I am concerned, a later period even than that; still, however, when Lester Wallack, after twenty years management, says he had concluded that no living they came to look for Precosia they would have found me, martyred, too.

But by this time we were ambitious; we would not tolerate the presence of the imprisoned bat in the same room. The door of a clothes-room stood open beside the bookcase, and I pointed out to Precosia that she, as the might hurl the basket and the bat with fearful momentum along the top of the bookcase and into this room. It took some little time to arrange this, but in the end Precosia accomplished it with infinite accuracy, and we both banged the door. The bat, like a sensible devil, must have hopped out of the clothes-room window, for his absence in the morning was complete and satisfactory. In the meantime Precosia and I have even more respect for long hair and feel that we know something of bats. RHUE.

Youth.

For Saturday Night.

Youth is the breath of yesterday. The dream of things unknown: A fleeting glance at joys we crave, A childish grasp at fame.

The warm, red lips I kissed yest'reen Are cold and pale to-night The eyes that fondly gazed in mine Have lost their tender light.

The soft caress she gave to me Seems like a dream to-day, Drift with the winds away.

B. KELLY.

The Measure of Justice. Short Stories

HE sun had now sloped down to the west till the rays, slanting through the branches of the pines, smote fairly upon my eyes. For a moment I dropped my forehead on my arms and so lay noting the brown pine needles between my elbows and listening to the long, soft rustle of the boughs above my head, but not thinking; the time for that was past.

"He is coming," Gerard spoke, in a flat, quiet tone. In the tense silence I seemed almost to hear the glad response of the muscles, wearied with inaction, as he raised himself still further on his knees and leveled the musket.

Up in the pines a squirrel chattered his turn and ceased, and I heard only the rustle of the boughs above and Gerard's deep, even breathing. Almost I thought I could hear the faint snap of the pine needles I crushed between my fingers. Then I felt sick in every fibre of my body, for I heard the distant thud of a horse's hoofs, as he picked his way along the rough path, five paces galloped, then ten at a walk, these louder, then deadening as he reached the stretch of sand.

I sat up and looked out upon the valley. The sun, right in my face, dazzled me at first, and when I could see clearly again all the opposite green hill-slope seemed alive with leaping black spots, but down in the depth of the hollow. where the bridle path ran, the long shadows aided me, and I saw things plainly and saw him.

His horse was fretting at the bit. I could hear the jingle of the bridle. He sat erect,

her head as I was about my own. The next | that I found myself forcing my dry lips to utter, | finely impressive situation. The audience | and other works by Amelie Rives and have

"Gerard, you must not."
Gerard, sighting along the barrel of the musket, did not even look at me as he said, slowly: "Ah, yes. You are only a brother, but I—I loved her."

The crack of the shot that cut his speech was given back to us by the echo from the hill over the first sign of weakness on the part of the opposite. In the instant's hush succeeding we bat, and the beginning of the end—we had heard the rapid clatter of hoofs, and when I took my hand from before my eyes I saw, off on our right upon the bridle path, a low cloud of white dust, and through it the dim outline of a riderless horse that dragged at the stirrup something formless and dark.

BEULAH M. DIX.

A Question of Form.

Bazar. Oh tell me what's good form in golf, I'd really like to seen so many different kinds, I think there's

form to burn;
And which is wrong and which is right I must con-

fess I find Beyond the penetration of my purely finite mind.

For instance, when you're putting, should you hold

your club the way A dainty little lady holds her mallet in croquet; Or should you scrouch yourself all up, with stiffened

arm and hip. And wag yourself all over as you give the ball a

And when you use your brassy should you stand up near the sphere, Or two club lengths away from it, and swoop it o'er

By some strange bit of management, which some in-

structors teach,
Involving a most wonderful and edifying reach? And when you make a tee-a joy that's only equalled

by
The bliss that used to come to us who've dabbled in mud pie-

How many pints of sand are used in making one of By those who are past masters in the art of making

And when you drive-this is a thing that bothers many a wight,
And sets my poor head aching as I ponder it at

night-Do you stand flatly on your feet, and swing back

sort of slow,
Or do you give a lightning stroke and teeter on your no dog.

New Plays and Chance Hits.

N audience sits in a theater at the production of a new play. Before the first act is half over, people are saying to themselves, "What rubbish! I could have told this manager at the first rehearsal that his play would produce a frost." The manager probably knew before the first act was one-fourth over that the play was a failure, but there was never a moment before the curtain went up on the first performance that he could have foretold with any degree of certainty the fate of the play.

man could judge whether or no any play would please the public; there was nothing to do but

Boucicault said that The Colleen Bawn was written under great pressure as a stop-gap for Laura Keene. "It was not expected to run for two weeks," Boucicault said, "and we were so uncertain in regard to its merits that on the night of the production Laura Keene, standing

you think we can really count on its running for two weeks?' That was about thirty years ago, and it is still running."

Richard Mansfield says that unexpected hits are like unexpected failures, but much more pleasurable. He had expected to make a great success with Nero, which he brought out on a lavish scale, but the public refused it. He said: "It was not that it made no effect on the audience, but that it practically drew no audience to speak of-even on the first night. They simply would not come near it. Somehow or other, even the subject didn't seem to attract, and upon those few who were there the grim humor of the character made no impression at all. On the other hand, I made a

heroine lures one of the duellists out of one for himself, while Mr. Kimball kept the firm door and the second duellist out of another, we | name and the books. had rehearsed what we supposed would be a

greeted it with roars of laughter. Mrs. Mansfield was simply in tears, supposing that the whole production was a failure. But I said to her, 'Oh, no: it's all right. A silent audience is fatal. So long as they laugh we're a suc-

Francis Wilson shows how he works up an first night. The next night I began to laugh myself, as if I had realized that I had mixed the sentence up. That made the audience laugh still more. A few weeks later, in addition to laughing, I laid my head on the Duke's breast in a humorous way. That created still more laughter. Only the other night, since we have come to New York, I slipped my hand toward the Duke's pocket and got a better laugh still. So you can see how an actor will build up business on one spoken line. Joseph Jefferson told me that he had added business to Rip Van Winkle after he had played it fifteen or twenty years."

He Would Succeed.

There is an instructive anecdote of a Nova Scotia lawyer told in the History of Annapolis County. A young man, anxious to become a lawyer, made application for a position in the office of a barrister, whereupon the following unconventional dialogue ensued:

"Well, young man, and so you'd like to be a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir; I think I would like to be one." "Where's your gun, my boy? I want to see your gun, my young gentleman. Fond of sport-

ing, eh?"
"I have no gun, sir; don't know whether I'd like gunning.

"No gun! Well, you keep a boat, then? Like boating?" "I do not own a boat, sir; do not know how

to use one." "You wear a watch, or keep a dog?"

"I am too poor to wear a watch, and I have

"You'll do, my lad, if you persevere in the course you have begun. The law is a jealous mistress, and cannot be won except by undivided attention. Remember this, my lad, and I will insure your success. You may rely on any assistance I can render you." The young man entered the office, and in time became a famous lawver.

Books and Authors

There is a paper extant which observed that if Mr. Meredith had never written, they would have predicted a great future for Mr. Benjamin Swift. It will be good news to many that this dark saying has not deterred the author of Nancy Noon from writing another novel, and a novel quite unlike Mr. Meredith's, it is proper to add. The new venture is entitled The Tormenter, and records the experiences of a gentleman who possessed the unamiable faculty of making other people uncomfortable, and finally tormented himself. Mr. Swift divides his novel into "three books," which treat respectively of different stages of that unpleasant institution, The Hornet's Nest, which we are all so loth to have about our ears, and none the in the wings, turned to me and asked: 'Do less because it requires no Samson to effect that catastrophe. Mr. Unwin will publish this work in the Colonies in a special edition, in paper at half a crown, and in cloth at threeand-six.

We regret to hear that on Thursday next, says The Critic of last week, the entire stock and fixtures of Messrs. Stone & Kimball will be sold at sheriff's sale. No firm within our recollection has made in so short a time so wide and enviable a reputation as makers of books. Started a few years ago at Cambridge, while both of its members were Harvard undergradu ates, it at once attracted the attention of all lovers of beautiful books by the taste and origi nality displayed in the production of its publi hit in the most unexpected way in Castle cations. Some of them were not, perhaps, Sombras. We rehearsed that play as a meloworthy of their fine setting, but others were worthy of their fine setting, but others weredrama, I playing the part of a deep, dark villain.

notably the complete edition of the works of My first remark as I came upon the stage

Edgar Allen Poe, edited by Mr. E. C. Stedman intended to be taken seriously, was greeted and Prof. Geo. E. Woodberry. *The Chap-Book*, with laughter. I was almost dumfounded, but the first and best of the so-called "freak" periknew it would be fatal to attempt to act that as an advertisement of their own business, so play seriously, and, taking my cue from the we have been informed, but was so well liked audience, I instantly changed my whole con- that it was developed into a more serious pubception of the character and played it on the lication. A short time ago Mr. H. S. Stone retired from the firm of Stone & Kimball, and "In the blind-folded duel scene, in which the in the division of the stock kept The Chap-Book

Those who have read The Quick or the Dead

been interested in this gifted but eccentric Southern beauty, will be surprised to hear that, according to the New York papers, she has gone insane, and also that her divorced husband, John Armstrong Chanler, has been committed to the Bloomingdale Asylum. Amelie Rives Chanler, after her divorce, maridea when he catches it. "It's wonderful in what an unexpected way by mere trifles you make little hits that create a laugh. In the went into the heart of Africa with an expedifirst half of Half a King I say to the Duke of Chateau Margaux, when he thanks me effusively for my proffered hospitality, 'Whatever is yours is mine.' I got a laugh for that the and is now said to be broken down, without

hope of recovery.

Mima, a Tale of the Sudan, by Ulysses Rogers, will be published in full in the next issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. In announcing this strong original story we take a particular satisfaction, because it is one of many fine stories which we are securing for publication in this paper, so that our readers will get, as early as those who live in London and New York, the best new work of the leading writers.

Map-Making in a Hurry.

HERE was once a time—a happy time—in the history of Europe when a man who wanted to make a map of any foreign country had simply to sit down with pen and ink and draw it for himself.

It was not at all requisite that he should know anything of the area or configuration of the country itself; in fact, the less the early cartographer knew the better. Knowledge hampered him, and facts curbed his imagination. In those days China was represented



being an exact circle, and Ceylon was a curious wedge-shaped territory set in the middle of an extraordinary and hitherto undiscoverable ocean. But we now live in an age of maps. But all maps, even to-day, are not correctly made. The maps of Alaska and the Yukon country sent out by Inited States publishers are regarded as very inaccurate by Canadians. The world is being flooded with maps which define the boundary between British Columbia and Alaska, just as the line is drawn in the United States contention, and no allowance is made for the claim set up by Canada. Canadian maps admit the dispute and show the rival lines, which is but fair-yet of this fairness we have a complete



MAP OF NORTH AMERICA IN 1897.

monopoly. Every Canadian newspaper should keep drumming it into the ears of the Canadian I at once adapted myself to the situation. I odicals, was founded by this firm. It was begun people, and forcing it upon the attention of our Government, that an attempt is being made through a multiplicity of incorrect maps, to fasten the United States contention upon the world's mind as the correct and tacitly accepted one. We might as well, as in the above map, claim Alaska as ours, as do what the United States papers are constantly doing in regard to the British Columbia boundary.

A Governor's Reception.

One of the best stories yet heard on Governor Atkinson of Georgia was told by himself to a party of admirers, who were chatting with him

"It was during my recent inspection of the convict camps," said the Governor. "Among other places I visited were the coal mines, and in order to make a thorough inspection, it was necessary to go down into the mines to see the convicts at work. Two guards accompanied me down into the mines. They showed me everything of interest, and finally took me to where the convicts were at work. As we approached them one of the convicts rushed over to me, crying: 'Good Lord, Bill Atkinson, as sure as I live! I never expected to see you here. What on earth, Bill, did they convict you of doing? I readily recognized the man as one whom I had known since my boyhood.'

"Is your sister's husband coming down over Sunday?" "No; it's too far." "Too far! Why, the charm of this place is its accessibility!" "Yes; but my sister is a widow."—Puck.

"That actor doesn't seem at home in his work," said the man who makes comments. "No, replied the theatrical manager, gloomly, "he isn't. But he will be unless business gets better pretty soon."—Washington Star.

Old Gentleman (in omnibus, to young man who has not vacated his seat to accommodate a lady, severely)—When I was young, sir, I would have got up and given the lady my seat. Young Man—Then, sir, I am sorry to see that you have lost your politeness with your youth.

—To-Day.

The Yankee View of Our Klondike Policy.



door. I could not consent to Precosia's daring the flight of the bat, for I was as anxious about across his forehead; in every movement of his tense bridle-arm was such life and love of life.

John Bull—How jolly awkward, don't ve know! I was almost ready to fight Oom Paul for doing what me favorite daughter's doing now!

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

MEDITERRANEAN

The winter sailings of the North German Lloyd d Hamburg-American Lines to the Mediterranean (braltar, Naples, Genoa and Egypt) are arranged,

BERMUDA and Southern Resorts BARLOW CUMBERLAND

North German Lloyd Services MEDITERRANEAN

Verra ulda Wm. II

ENGLISH CHANNEL New York, Sudinampton (London) Bremen
Barbarossa. Oct. 14 Koenigin Luise. Oct.
Karlsruhe. Oct. 21 H. H. Meier. Nov
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Lahlo. Oct. 19 Saale. Nov
K. WinderGrosse, Oct. 28 Trave Nov
New York, Cherbourg (Paris), Bremen
Havel, Oct. 23; Aller, Nov. 13.

Barlow Cumberland. 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London-Oct. 27
Nov. 10
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Anecdotal.

Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Minister, was ill. He was asked what he would wish to have read to him. "Not history," he replied, " for that I know to be false."

When Admiral Jouett was acting Secretary of the Navy, the commandant of the academy at Annapolis asked that a cadet be courtmartialed for whipping five toughs and two policemen, although it was done in self-defence. "Court-martial that fellow?" roared Jouett; "that boy ought to have a medal. Do you suppose the government hired you to raise boys to play checkers?"

L. J. Rickard is a gentleman who has been building corduroy roads on the way to Klondike and packing provisions on his back to the land of cold. He got tired and turned back. He confided to a reporter these striking facts 'As to climate, it is an atrocious place. I said to an Indian: 'Charlie, does it rain here all the time?' 'No, not rain all time,' said Charlie; 'sometime he snow.'

A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now what can I get for you? With a wan smile he answered feebly, "Well, I seem to smell a ham a cooking somewheres; I think I could do with a little bit of that. 'Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly. 'you can't have that. That's for the funeral.'

The late Duke of York, son of George the Third, owed quite a sum of money to a dissi pated clergyman named Ponsonby, and in order to pay the debt, proposed giving him an Irish living. He therefore sent him to Ireland, with a note to the Bishop of Cork which read: Dear Cork, ordain Ponsonby: yours, York, In a short time the prince received this equally concise note from the bishop: "Dear York, Ponsonby ordained; yours, Cork."

Mr. F. Litchfield, the well known art dealer, exhibited some panels of old tapestry at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. Wanting one of these returned, he wired: "Please send panel eight by ten-Venus and Adonis.-Litch field." The departmental head of the exhibition was away, and the clerk returned the message to the postoffice as "not understand-The postoffice people, struck with a bright idea, then transmitted the telegram to the city of Litchfield and received the following reply: "No such firm as Venus and this spark of chivalry into flame is woman's Adonis known here. Try Manchester."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear! hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary who wished to play rogue, but had only sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned around, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of

Mr. N., a struggling lawyer in a small town in Ohio, received a call from a farmer who wanted legal advice. Mr. N. took down a much-used volume from his small bookcase, and gave the required advice, for which he charged the modest sum of three dollars. client handed him a five-dollar bill. With a troubled look Mr. N. took it. He flushed in the face as he passed his fingers nervously through his pockets, and his embarrassment increased as he continued his search among the papers on his desk. "Well," said he, taking down the law-book again, and turning over the pages, "I'll give you two more dollars' worth of

a person should not quote scripture without charity enough to leave them. One gets quite examining the context. In 1879 Sir John Mac. donald was Premier of Canada, and desired one day to shut off a discussion started by Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and said: "Art thou be that troubleth Israel?" Sir John did not know that inclines to keening and lamenting, stirs in one's soul; but this is only a passing ripple, and by and by there is life laid plain before one again, and the romance of the autumn woods student, promptly retorted in the words of sings a gayer tune. The soft-eyed deer gaze of success.

G.H. P.—An energetic, stirring and magnetic permake a startling departure, but should have a fair average of success.

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G.H. P.—An energet There are many cases on record showing that

Elijah: "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and have followed Baalim." The Liberals considered this reply very much to the point because Sir John had just abandoned revenue tariff for high

John A. McGillivray of Toronto, Secretary of the I.O.F., is credited with having made a very spirited and eloquent retort upon a Michigan public man who, at a banquet a fortnight ago, referred sneeringly to the devotion shown for the Queen by her Highland attendant, John Brown. It may interest some to know how the muscular Highlander entered the Queen's em-He was a bare-legged gillie in the service of the late Prince Albert when hunting at Balmoral. One day, as usual, Her Majesty met the Prince to have lunch on the Moor, and while squatting on the grass one of the servants spilt a cup of hot tea in the lap of her dress. John Brown with his usual presence of mind. sprang forward, swept off the tea with the one hand, and with the other roughly raised the Queen to her feet saying, "Rise, your Majesty, or you will be burnt." From that day the Prince attached him more closely to his service, and at his death bequeathed him to the Queen. and he afterwards was not only her personal attendant, but steward of her household.

Between You and Me.

RS. MALAPROP has a brother in Toronto. The other day an old servant remonstrated against some improvements which his mistress contemplated, in these words: "There's no need to get an architrave to plan a rideau for the conservative; he don't know nothing about It had been proposed to adorn the conservatory with a dado, which reminds me of an old yarn of a Kingston worthy who announced the attractions of her new residence to be "a turpentine walk, and an obscurity on the roof.

They went to the races, the sport and the artist, and as they watched the finish of a very close race the sporting man cried out, after the fashion of his kind, "Beautiful! Beautiful! Isn't it grand!" And the artist agreed with an enthusiasm truly gratifying. "Why," said the sporting man, "you're quite a sport; didn't think you'd enthuse over a close finish like a Then did the artist turn upon the sport a compassionate gaze, and from divine heights regard him with pitying contemplation. "Finish?" he said coldly. "What do you mean? I am lost in admiration of the wondrous effect of that cloud of dust against the blue sky." Thereon the sporting man fell upon a picket and groaned.

A woman writes to me thus: "Will Lady Gay please say what presents a woman, unmar ried or otherwise, may receive from a man who is not a relative?" And the woman cites in stances when some extraordinary presents have been made by men to friends of the opposite sex, the correctness of her citing being vouched for by names and dates. A man may give a woman anything she will accept and some kind-hearted and well-meaning men have offered, and not been repulsed, things as wearing apparel, furs, knick-knacks jewels, curiosities, and even cash, to women who gave them positively no return. But such women were either of coarser mould than they might be, or of braver mind, for it is certainly an accepted conventionality that only sweets flowers, a book or a picture may be accepted from men who are not relatives, present or rospective. Even gloves are on the border line, which excludes anything of great intrinsic value or for one's personal wear. The woman who accepts presents is taking a certain risk, as she very well knows. That covetous vanity or ambition dare this risk and by chance sometimes come off scot-free, is also true. My correspondent should ponder over these facts and form her own opinion and conduct. Self-respect is too precious a thing to play tricks with.

It is a fact one often acknowledges with regret, and perhaps some reminiscent twinge of discomfort, that one has known men who had not a sufficiently high ideal of womanhood to ensure respect of the sex. But, deep down maybe, in the nature of every man born of woman, is a spark of chivalry, and though it may take time and trouble, the lesson of respect can be taught, the man will some blessed day throw off the animal, and his Divine will bow privilege, and thank God there are women sweet, and true, and patient enough to blow the bellows. The man never needs a second lesson. It is not always quite his fault, dear soul, that he needs a first.

A little bit of Ireland is on hand these days Did you ever ride through High Park on a jaunting-car? If you didn't you have missed one of the best bits of fun of the year. Not a jolty, hard-seated, jerky "kyar," such as it has often been my lot to travel by in the dear old land, but a grand sort of a vehicle, with brass rods polished to distraction, and springy fawn cushions, and rubber tires on the wheels. And High Park is so lovely these days! The trees are beginning to stretch pathetic bared arms to the sky, unpitying, relentless, blue! One thinks of Yvette Guilbert's grandmother song, Combien ie regrette, as one looks at the ragged maple boughs, the gnarled oaks and the reserved and prim old maids of poplars. How they rustled and waved and queened it, and had quivers and quips and all sorts of fun the long summer through. And now they waft withered leaves like farewell kisses to the southward-flying hirds and the fading cheeks of the maple belles find the touch of the sun only a bore and a des truction, like formal kisses where love is dead. and the poplars hang on to their few scraps of foliage as the old maiden ladies tell you of the compliments they had for their tiny feet and slim waists, the only charms which time has through their enclosing netting, and the autumn birds tweet modestly, while the jaunt. through the emotions. Have a quick eye for beauty in any form, and excellent sequence of ideas. autumn birds tweet modestly, while the jaunt-ing-car party pick up heart and exchange jokes and wild stories, and get their lungs full of pure ozone as they face the tang of the lake

A Boy's Sufferings.

Attacked With Inflammatory Rheumatism at an Early Age.

Each Successive Year Brought Fresh Attacks With Increasing Severity Until He Was a Physical Wreck. m the Sun, Belleville

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly are people who are deeply grateful for a kind intervention of Providence whereby the life, health and happiness of their twelve-year-old son, Master Harry, has been restored and preserved. Mr. Kelly is one of the best known conductors on the Midland division of the G.T.R., and is now residing in this city. A Sun reporter having heard of the cure of the little fellow and the joy of his parents, called at their home and was met by Mrs. Kelly, who on being informed of the object of his visit, at once told the story of the cure and how the results were attained. We were living in Madoc when our boy was about five years of age and in the spring I went to call him one morning. He replied to my call by saying he could not rise. I at once went to him and found that he was unable to walk. Medical aid being summoned we discovered that inflammatory rheumatism had our boy in its grasp. All that attention and doctors could do was done and the attack passed off, but the following spring, while in Peterboro, he was again seized with the dread disease and again we were in terrible dread of losing the child. When the warm weather came again he rallied, but was very weak and only a shadow of his



former self. Despite all we could do, he was again attacked in the next spring. You can imagine the fear and dread with which we watched these recurring attacks, each one more severe than the last, and each one leaving our boy in a worse condition than those that went before. His last attack confined him to bed for three months, and his heart was dangerously affected. His sufferings were terrible, and it was pitiful to see him trying to carry food to his mouth. His nervous system was so shattered that a form of St. Vitus' dance had affected him, and his hand and arm trembled so that he could not feed or aid him self. Some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and recommended them so highly that my husband and myself decided to try them. We gave them to Harry for several months and when the spring came watched anxiously, fearing a return of the trouble, but were thankful and delighted to see no symptoms of it, nor has he been troubled for the past three years. "What is the condition of his health at present?" asked the reporter. 'He is as sturdy and as healthy a boy as parents could wish for. I attribute his recovery and present health to nothing but Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to all.'

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Correspondence Coupon.

logical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste.
3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclores unless accompanied by coupons are not

Gussie.-So sorry, Gussie, but one delineation will have to do you for a few years yet. Experiences do not always develop one, and rarely change a hand-BEATRICE Vone writing like voneself tells few

secrets. You are careful, honest, truthful and sincere, love beauty and harmonious sounds and enent. Deliberation some vacillation but on the whole an earnest, direct and successful method

WEYMOUTH .- A bright, cheery and easy-tem pered person, perceptive and observant, frank but not indiscreet in speech. Not much culture, but some natural aptness and good ability are seen. Writer ought to much enjoy a good joke and be able to tell a good story. Tact, sympathy, appreciation of nice and beautiful surroundings and a smart little touch of feminine independence are shown.

CECILIA.-A feminine and slightly emotional naure, with a leaning to the opposite sex, strong affection, a curious buoyancy of mind, loving to plan and speculate, and very tenacious of opinions and belief Discretion in act and speech are marked. Very great power of endurance, a fairly good temper and plenty of common sense are shown. Writer would never make a startling departure, but should have a fair

HOOPER.—1. With such a handwriting I can safely say write and thank the friend of your childhood who showed you kindly attentions this summer. I am sure you'll say just enough. 2. Your writing shows self-reliance, good practical purpose, some ideality, and a heart more dominant than your head. You are a social soul, fond of a good time, and very good, bright company to every one. Care for details and good ability are shown. It is a good, capable study, a little inclined to sharp corners, but sure to

*MISS D. DIGNITY .- 1. A very busy time and lots to think of have prevented my enjoying the country awheel these days, but I still maintain that it is the greatest agent for happiness of the century. 2. You were born under one of the double signs; Gemini, the twins, rule the month of June, and their element is the air. If you have learned to know what you really want and how you really prefer to live, you have succeeded in harmonizing the minds of Castor and Pollux and can enjoy the "strength of twain," as the song goes. 3. Your writing shows ambition. humor, a very sweet nature, a great deal of adapta bility, and a vibrant and living personality. You are not afraid of big things, have pretty good sense, with a tendency to waste your splendid strength in unprofitable affairs. Don't do it.

LALLY.—Rubbish! If you are analytic you can't nelp it. It is a characteristic you were born with, and only dangerous to your happiness if you are ignorant. When we know ourselves and love our neighbors, we can size them up in humility and charity and take no harm. A carping, nagging person is merely an undeveloped soul; God help such to grow out of the smallness into the great beyond. I don't believe you relapse into gloomy thought; you have no confession of gloom in your writing. Don't be a mug, Lally; every living soul should be above such thoughts as you give me. You have strength, discretion, good sequence of ideas and a fine, honest nature; are practical and reliable, and adapt yourself to circumstances. Don't waste your time trying to read people's character from their faces. You're not smart enough, my boy, Develop a fine character first.

Patsy.-1. I don't feel quite sure that every person has some special power, but doubtless that famous educator was cleverer than I and had reason for his statement. As to your remark as to what you are in the world for, it is one of the pathetic questions which carry a tragedy in their echo. You are in the world to learn how to live; don't ask me any more think over that. You have to live forever and ever, and it will take all your time to find out how to live best. 2. As to your writing, it is not the neat and nappy study it will be when you once get started ight. It has courage, uprightness and a mercuria temperament, now up, now down, with tenacity, candor, some ambition, a good deal of wasted effor and a great need of training and discipline. Mor thought, more care and concentration are what you

Pretty to Look at : Hard to Do.

Pretty to Look at; Hard to Do.

Poems have been written about it and pictures painted of it. I mean of cutting hay. It's a pretty sight to see—a dozen men swinging their scythes and keeping step and time as they lay low the tall grass; but it is one thing to see the spectacle from under the shade of a big tree and quite another to swing one of those scythes in the hot sun. It is a hard job, and puts a strain on every bone and muscle of the man who does a day's work at it. No wonder then that once in a while we should hear such a story as this:

"In the summer of 1889," says a well known market gardner of Cheshire, "whilst cutting hay I overwrought myself; and from a strong, healthy man I began to feel weak and easily tired—my work being a burden to me. My appetite fell off, and I had no relish for food of any kind. After meals I had fulness and pain at my chest, also a gnawing, grinding pain at the pit of my stomach. I was constantly belching up wind and felt so uncomfortable that I got no proper sleep at night; and in the morning I felt more tired than when I went to bed. "Then I had a dreadful sickening pain which aftected my spine from top to bottom. When working or stooping the pain was unbearable. Even when I lay on my back I got no relief from it; in fact it was worse if anything.

"I kept at my work, but it was a struggle to do it. Being in constant pain I felt as miserable as a man can well feel. Three doctors attended me (time and time), and I took all sorts of medicines, but I got no more than temporary relief from them.

"The last doctor whom I consulted said I

"The last doctor whom I consulted said I

"The last doctor whom I consulted said I had indigestion on the spine, and that there was no cure for it. He said I should have it as long as I lived. In much suffering I continued up to March of last year (1893), when I made up my mind to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which I had heard of by means of a book that was sent me from Lewis's in Manchester.
"I got the Syrup from Messrs. C. Carrington & Sons, Limited, The Stores, Heaton Lane, Stockport. After using one bottle I felt much relief. My appetite was better, and my food agreed with me. I kept on with it, and in five months was strong and well as ever—the pain in my spine having entirely left me. Since then I have had good heath and enjoy my meals. You can make this statement public if you think proper. (Signed) James Chantler, Outwood, Handforth, Cheshire, September 21st, 1894."

The human body is like a big steel spring; it will stand a certain amount of pressure and no more. Beyond that it breaks. Our good friend, Mr. Chantler—to whom we are obliged for his frank letter—happened to put on that extra pressure during the tollsome, hay-cutting season. Indigestion and dysparsia with resulting son. Indigestion and dyspepsia, with resulting nervous prostration, set in. The symptom which the doctor called indigestion of the spine, was one of these results. The spine contains the great nervous chords which, with their branches, connect the brain with all the rest of the body. The entire system was thus poisoned and deranged by the products of the torpid stomach. Any student of medicine will assure Mr. Chantler that he had a fortunate escape from chronic nervous collapse. In that respect his doctor was right.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup worked a cure by purging the blood and correcting the digestion. The lesson is (to our friend and to us all) that we mustn't ask too much of ourselves. on. Indigestion and dyspepsia, with resulting

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under Constant and Laureus, and has come into close contact with Clement Heaton, the from some of the grandest aspects of nature to of the excellency of the collection by naming a few of the many. Among the larger canvases is the Silken Threads, so much admired at the Industrial Exhibition. The Fisher Girls of Concale is another—a scene on the coast of France, near St. Milo, the most important oyster fisheries of France; a procession of women, healthful and cleanly, with short skirts and naked feet, wend their way homewards through a shallow stream. Thrown over the whole is a feeling of poetic grace. Limehouse Reach, a scene on the Thames, is perhaps one of the most beautiful. The barges are carrying timber to the ships, and their dark red sails, wrapped in graceful fold around the towering mast, stand out in very distinct relief against the sky, and between the water and sky are extremely effective. Another view on the Thames shows the noble towers of Westminster Abbey in purple shadow defined against a luminous sky, the foreground of water being very subdued in tone. West-minster is also shown by moonlight, more Estravayer, a quaint walled town, whose architecture has undergone no change since the truly artistic and poetical. A sunlight effect on Notre Dame proves the great and essential difference of the same objects seen in different lights. The Solidor, an ancient military prison near the mouth of the River Rance, is de-

Studio and Gallery

of French scenery and life. Two paintings of figures, Feeding the Chickens and Returning from the Harvest Field, are lovely in delicacy of coloring. October, represented by a partially nude figure with luxurious hair streaming in A particularly varied and excellent collection of paintings in oils is at present in the studio of Mr. McGillivray Knowles; a collection beauty, are both, for different reasons, delightwhich represents the labor, the observation, ful. But time and space prevent a full descrip the development of six years. Mr. Knowles, tion of even the most important, not to speak during that period, has traveled England, fo the numerous smaller bits, quite as meri-france, Switzerland, and the United States, torious artistically, though not so conspicuous. France, Switzerland, and the United States, and has come in contact, while so doing, with at Dieppe Harbor, Penzance Harbor, Epping and under Prof. Herkomer, in France Forest. This most interesting collection can be also add by the public next Tuesday and be viewed by the public next Tuesday and Wednesday, October 26 and 27, and will then be celebrated designer. He has selected from a sold by auction at the rooms of Mr. Townsend on Thursday, October 28. All who are truly interested in art for its own sake, and all who the simply domestic, including many scenes of historical interest. It is unusual to see such a tainly not fail to see and to study this reprevariety of different subjects covering such a sentative Canadian effort. Even if the thought variety of scenes attempted by an individual is not entertained of being a possessor of one of artist. One can do little more than give a hint these lovely scenes, to view them will be a source of true enjoyment and an education.

> The Premier and Lady Laurier paid a visit to the studio of the Woman's Art Assocation to inspect the state set, which was duly admired by them. They were met by the president and officers and some of the patronesses, among them being Mrs. Harvay, Mrs. Cosby and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings. The set was highly spoken of by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, who spent some time in the studio.

The first Saturday evening sketch was held at Miss Lindsay's, Homewood avenue, on Saturday, October 9, and was very well attended, auguring well for the work of the year.

The studio of the Woman's Art Association in the Canada Life Building will be open for working from a model on and after October 14, on Thursday afternoons.

Thomas Carlyle went with Millais to look at the latter's house, and, after gazing with won-der at all its splendors, its marble pavements, sombre, it is true, but full of the mystery of poetic possibilities. A very effective figure and its white marble columns, its stately staircase of striking grace is the little Milk Carrier of and beautiful dados, he turned to Millais and asked in his brusque manner, "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" The painter laughed and replied, "It has." "Then," rejoined the eleventh century. Through the open gate one catches a glimpse of the Alps. The primitive dweller in the modest house at Chelsea, "all I have to say is, there are more fools in the world there were." than I thought there were."

The annual ceramic exhibition of the Woman's Art Association of Canada will be open for private view by the members of the Association and their friends on Monday, October 25, from two to six p.m. in the studio. During the rest of the week the exhibition will be open to the public.

as are some small scenes of children on the water's edge. A number of scenes of localities in State Mills, Ohio; one particularly, The Marsh Lands, abounds in feeling. Many are

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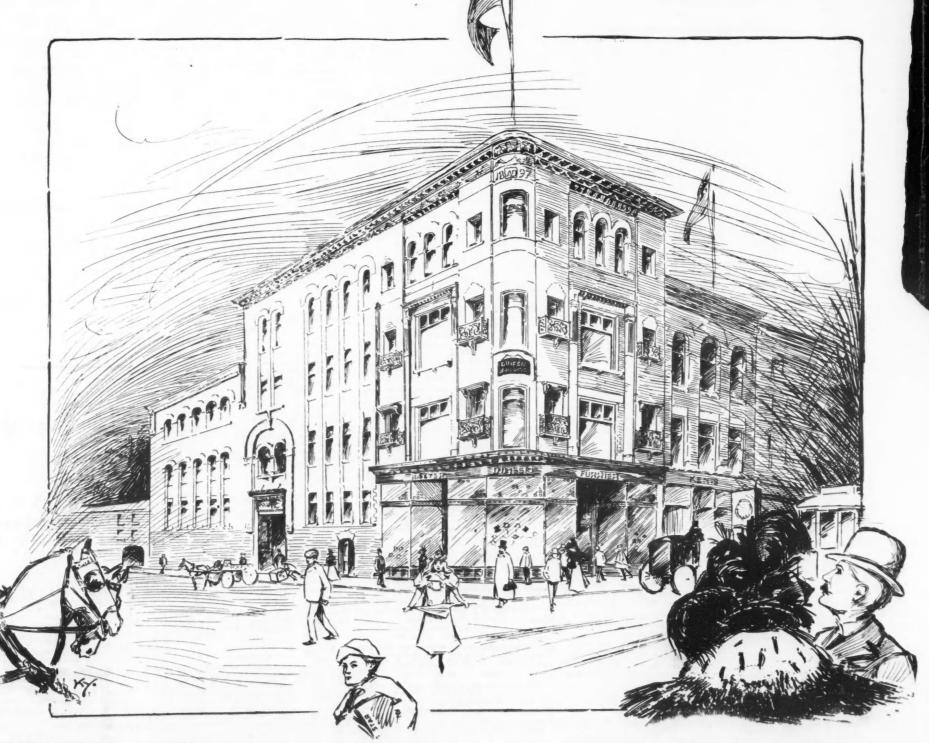
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Anecdotal.

Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Minister, was ill. He was asked what he would wish to have read to him. "Not history," he replied, for that I know to be false."

When Admiral Jouett was acting Secretary of the Navy, the commandant of the academy at 'nnapolis asked that a cadet be court-martialed for whipping five toughs and two policemen, although it was done in self-defence. 'Court martial that fellow?" roared Jouett: "that boy ought to have a medal. Do you suppose the government hired you to raise boys to play checkers?"

L. J. Rickard is a gentleman who has been building corduroy roads on the way to Klondike and packing provisions on his back to the land of cold. He got tired and turned back. He confided to a reporter these striking facts: "As to climate, it is an atrocious place. I said to an Indian: 'Charlie, does it rain here all the time?' 'No, not rain all time,' said Charlie; 'sometime he snow.'

A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now what can I get for you?" With a wan smile he answered feebly, "Well, seem to smell a ham a cooking somewheres; I think I could do with a little bit of that." Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, you car't have that. That's for the funeral.'

The late Duke of York, son of George the Third, owed quite a sum of money to a dissipated clergyman named Ponsonby, and in order to pay the debt, proposed giving him an Irish living. He therefore sent him to Ireland. with a note to the Bishop of Cork which read : "Dear Cork, ordain Ponsonby; yours, York." In a short time the prince received this equally coucise note from the bishop: "Dear York, Ponsonby ordained; yours, Cork."

Mr. F. Litchfield, the well known art dealer, exhibited some panels of old tapestry at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. Wanting one of these returned, he wired: "Please send panel eight by ten-Venus and Adonis.-Litch-The departmental head of the exhibition was away, and the clerk returned the message to the postoffice as "not understand-Adoris known here. Try Manchester."

Richard urinsley Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes. "Hear! hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary who wished to play rogue, but had only sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he t" "Hear! hear!" was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned around, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of

Mr. N., a struggling lawver in a small town in Ohio, received a call from a farmer who wanted legal advice. Mr. N. took down a much-used volume from his small bookcase, and cave the required advice, for which he charged the modest sum of three dollars. His client handed him a five-dollar bill. With a troubled look Mr. N. took it. He flushed in the face as he passed his fingers nervously through his pockets, and his embarrassment increased as he continued his search among the papers on his desk. "Well." said he, taking down the law-book again, and turning over the pages. "I'll give you two more dollars' worth of

There are many cases on record showing that a person should not quote scripture without examining the context. In 1879 Sir John Mac. donald was Premier of Canada, and desired one day to shut off a discussion started by Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and said: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel!" Sir John did not know that he was quoting the words of Ahab, the wicked king, but Mr. Mackenzie, having been a Bible student, promptly retorted in the words of sings a gayer tune. The soft-eyed deer gaze things. You are not romantic nor easily influenced to the control of the soft-eyed deer gaze things. You are not romantic nor easily influenced to the control of the soft-eyed deer gaze things. You are not romantic nor easily influenced to the control of the soft-eyed deer gaze things. You are not romantic nor easily influenced to the control of the soft-eyed deer gaze things. You are not romantic nor easily influenced to the control of the soft-eyed deer gaze things. he was quoting the words of Ahab, the wicked

Elijah: "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and have followed Baalim." The Liberals considered this reply very much to the point because Sir John had just abandoned revenue tariff for high protection.

John A. McGillivray of Toronto, Secretary of the I.O.F., is credited with having made a very spirited and eloquent retort upon a Michigan public man who, at a banquet a fortnight ago, referred sneeringly to the devotion shown for the Queen by her Highland attendant, John Brown. It may interest some to know how the muscular Highlander entered the Queen's employ. He was a bare-legged gillie in the serrice of the late Prince Albert when hunting at Balmoral. One day, as usual, Her Majesty met the Prince to have lunch on the Moor, and while squatting on the grass one of the servants spilt a cup of hot tea in the lap of her dress. John Brown, with his usual presence of mind, sprang forward, swept off the tea with the one hand, and with the other roughly raised the Queen to her feet saying, "Rise, your Majesty, or you will be burnt." From that day the Prince attached him more closely to his service, and at his death bequeathed him to the Queen, and he afterwards was not only her personal attendant, but steward of her household.

Between You and Me.

RS. MALAPROP has a brother in Toronto. The other day an old servant remonstrated against some improvements which his mistress contemplated, in these words: "There's no need to get an architrave to plan a rideau for the conservative; he don't know nothing about it." It had been proposed to adorn the con-servatory with a dado, which reminds me of an old yarn of a Kingston worthy who announced the attractions of her new residence to be "a turpentine walk, and an obscurity on the roof."

They went to the races, the sport and the artist, and as they watched the finish of a very close race the sporting man cried out, after the fashion of his kind, "Beautiful! Beautiful! Isn't it grand!" And the artist agreed with an enthusiasm truly gratifying. "Why," said the sporting man, "you're quite a sport; didn't think you'd enthuse over a close finish like a turfite." Then did the artist turn upon the sport a compassionate gaze, and from divine heights regard him with pitying contemplation. "Finish?" he said coldly. "What do you mean? I am lost in admiration of the wondrous effect of that cloud of dust against the blue sky." Thereon the sporting man fell upon a picket and groaned.

A woman writes to me thus: "Will Lady Gay please say what presents a woman, unmarried or otherwise, may receive from a man who is not a relative?" And the woman cites instances when some extraordinary presents have been made by men to friends of the opposite sex, the correctness of her citing being vouched for by names and dates. A man may give a woman anything she will accept, and some kind-hearted and well-meaning men have offered, and not been repulsed, such things as wearing apparel, furs, knick-knacks, jewels, curiosities, and even cash, to women who gave them positively no return. But such women were either of coarser mould than they might be, or of braver mind, for it is certainly an accepted conventionality that only sweets, flowers, a book or a picture may be accepted from men who are not relatives, present or prospective. Even gloves are on the border line, which excludes anything of great intrinsic value or for one's personal wear. The woman who accepts presents is taking a certain risk, as she very well knows. That covetousness vanity or ambition dare this risk and by chance sometimes come off scot-free, is also true. My correspondent should ponder over these facts and form her own opinion and conduct. Self-respect is too precious a thing to

It is a fact one often acknowledges with regret, and perhaps some reminiscent twinge of discomfort, that one has known men who had not a sufficiently high ideal of womanhood to ensure respect of the sex. But, deep down maybe, in the nature of every man born of woman, is a spark of chivalry, and though it may take time and trouble, the lesson of respect able.' The postoffice people, struck with a can be taught, the man will some blessed day bright idea, then transmitted the telegram to throw off the animal, and his Divine will bow the city of Litchfield and received the following reply: "No such firm as Venus and this spark of chivalry into flame is woman's privilege, and thank God there are women sweet, and true, and patient enough to blow the bellows. The man never needs a second It is not always quite his fault, dear soul, that he needs a first.

A little bit of Ireland is on hand these days! Did you ever ride through High Park on a jaunting-car? If you didn't you have missed one of the best bits of fun of the year. Not a jolty, hard-seated, jerky "kyar," such as it has often been my lot to travel by in the dear old land, but a grand sort of a vehicle, with brass rods polished to distraction, and springy fawn ons, and rubber tires on the wheels. And High Park is so lovely these days! The trees are beginning to stretch pathetic bared arms to the sky, unpitying, relentless, blue! One thinks of Yvette Guilbert's grandmother song, Combien regrette, as one looks at the ragged maple boughs, the gnarled oaks and the reserved and prim old maids of poplars. How they rustled and waved and queened it, and had quivers and quips and all sorts of fun the long summer through. And now they waft withered leaves like farewell kisses to the southward-flying birds, and the fading cheeks of the maple belles find the touch of the sun only a bore and a destruction, like formal kisses where love is dead, and the poplars hang on to their few scraps of foliage as the old maiden ladies tell you of the compliments they had for their tiny feet and slim waists, the only charms which time has charity enough to leave them. One gets quite sentimental and childishly emotional and silly as one drives rustling through High Park on the side of the jaunting-car. Something Irish, that inclines to keening and lamenting, stirs in one's soul; but this is only a passing ripple, and by and by there is life laid plain before one

through their enclosing netting, and the autumn birds tweet modestly, while the jaunting-car party pick up heart and exchange jokes and wild stories, and get their lungs full of pure ozone as they face the tang of the lake LADY GAY.

A Boy's Sufferings.

Attacked With Inflammatory Rheumatism at an Early Age.

Successive Year Brought Fresh Attacks With Increasing Severity Until He Was a Physical Wreck.

From the Sun, Belleville

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly are people who are deeply grateful for a kind intervention of Providence whereby the life, health and happiness of their twelve-year-old son, Master Harry, has been restored and preserved. Mr. Kelly is one of the best known conductors on the Midland division of the G.T.R., and is now residing in this city. A Sun reporter having heard of the cure of the little fellow and the joy of his parents, called at their home and was met by Mrs. Kelly, who on being informed of the object of his visit, at once told the story of the cure and how the results were attained. We were living in Madoc when our boy was about five years of age and in the spring I went to call him one morning. He replied to my call by saying he could not rise. I at once went to him and found that he was unable to walk, Medical aid being summoned we discovered that inflammatory rheumatism had our boy in its grasp. All that attention and doctors could do was done and the attack passed off, but the following spring, while in Peterboro, he was again seized with the dread disease and again we were in terrible dread of losing the child. When the warm weather came again he rallied, but was very weak and only a shadow of his



former self. Despite all we could do, he was imagine the fear and dread with which we watched these recurring attacks, each one more severe than the last, and each one leaving our boy in a worse condition than those that went before. His last attack confined him to bed for three months, and his heart was dangerously affected. His sufferings were terrible, and it was pitiful to see him trying to carry food to his mouth. His nervous system vas so shattered that a form of St. Vitus' dance had affected him, and his hand and arm trembled so that he could not feed or aid himelf. Some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and recommended them so highly that my husband and myself decided to try them. We gave them to Harry for several months and when the spring came watched anxiously, fearing a return of the trouble, but were thankful and delighted to see no sympoms of it, nor has he been troubled for the past three years. "What is the condition of his health at present?" asked the reporter. "He is as sturdy and as healthy a boy as parents could wish for. I attribute his recovery and present health to nothing but Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to all."
Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial para-

lysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor time by writing reminders and requests for haste. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
 Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

GUSSIE .- So sorry, Gussie, but one delineation will have to do you for a few years yet. Experiences do not always develop one, and rarely change a handwriting like yours.

BEATRICE.-Your writing, like yourself, tells few secrets. You are careful, honest, truthful and sincere, love beauty and harmonious sounds and environment. Deliberation, some vacillation, but on the whole an earnest, direct and successful method,

WEYMOUTH .- A bright, cheery and easy-tem pered person, perceptive and observant, frank but not indiscreet in speech. Not much culture, but some natural aptness and good ability are seen Writer ought to much enjoy a good joke and be able to tell a good story. Tact, sympathy, appreciation of nice and beautiful surroundings and a smart little ouch of feminine independence are shown.

CECILIA.-A feminine and slightly emotional na ture, with a leaning to the opposite sex, strong affec-tion, a curious buoyancy of mind, loving to plan and speculate, and very tenacious of opinions and belief Discretion in act and speech are marked. Very great power of endurance, a fairly good temper and plenty of common sense are shown. Writer would never make a startling departure, but should have a fair

G. H. P.-An energetic, stirring and magnetic person: hasty, somewhat impulsive, very apt to take good care of himself and to believe that he is a good deal above the level. Good system and a love of neatness and order are shown, with care for de-talls and a love of finished work. If your will were through the emotions. Have a quick eye for beauty in any form, and excellent sequ

Hooper.-1. With such a handwriting I can safely say write and thank the friend of your childhood who showed you kindly attentions this summer. I am sure you'll say just enough. 2. Your writing shows self-reliance, good practical purpose, some ideality, and a heart more dominant than your head. You are a social soul, fond of a good time, and very good, bright company to every one. Care for details and good ability are shown. It is a good, capable study, a little inclined to sharp corners, but sure to be reculsed.

think of have prevented my enjoying the country awheel these days, but I still maintain that it is the greatest agent for happiness of the century. 2. You were born under one of the double signs; Gemini, the twins, rule the month of June, and their element is the air. If you have learned to know what you really want and how you really prefer to live, you have succeeded in harmonizing the minds of Castor and Pollux and can enjoy the "strength of twain," as the song goes. 3. Your writing shows ambition, humor, a very sweet nature, a great deal of adapta bility, and a vibrant and living personality. You are not afraid of big things, have pretty good sense, with a tendency to waste your splendid strength in unprofitable affairs. Don't do it.

LALLY .- Rubbish! If you are analytic you can't help it. It is a characteristic you were born with, and only dangerous to your happiness if you are ignorant. When we know ourselves and love our neighbors, we can size them up in humility and charity and take no harm. A carping, nagging person is merely an undeveloped soul; God help such to grow out of the smallness into the great beyond. I don't believe you relapse into gloomy thought; you have no confession of gloom in your writing. Don't be a mug, Lally; every living sou should be above such thoughts as you give me. Y have strength, discretion, good sequence of idand a fine, honest nature; are practical and reliable, and adapt yourself to circumstances. Don't waste your time trying to read people's character from their faces. You're not smart enough, my boy. Develop a fine character first.

Parsy.-1. I don't feel quite sure that every person has some special power, but doubtless that famou educator was cleverer than I and had reason for his statement. As to your remark as to what you are in the world for, it is one of the pathetic questions which carry a tragedy in their echo. You are in the world to learn how to live; don't ask me any more, think over that. You have to live forever and ever, and it will take all your time to find out how to live best. 2. As to your writing, it is not the neat and snappy study it will be when you once get started right. It has courage, uprightness and a mercurial temperament, now up, now down, with tenacity, candor, some ambition, a good deal of wasted effort, and a great need of training and discipline. Mor thought, more care and concentration are what you

Pretty to Look at; Hard to Do.

Pretty to Look at; Hard to Do.

Poems have been written about it and pictures painted of it. I mean of cutting hay. It's a pretty sight to see—a dozen men swinging their seythes and keeping step and time as they lay low the tall grass; but it is one thing to see the spectacle from under the shade of a big tree and quite another to swing one of those seythes in the hot sun. It is a hard job, and puts a strain on every bone and muscle of the man who does a day's work at it. No wonder then that once in a while we should hear such a story as this:

"In the summer of 1889," says a well known market gardner of Cheshire, "whilst cutting hay I overwrought myself; and from a strong, healthy man I began to feel weak and easily tired—my work being a burden to me. My appetite fell off, and I had no relish for food of any kind. After meals I had fulness and pain at my chest, also a gnawing, grinding pain at the pit of my stomach. I was constantly belching up wind and felt so uncomfortable that I got no proper sleep at night; and in the morning I felt more tired than when I went to bed.

"Then I had a dreadful sickening pain which affected my spine from top to bottom. When working or stooping the pain was unbearable. Even when I lay on my back I got no relief from it; in fact it was worse if anything.

"I kept at my work, but it was a struggle to do it. Being in constant pain I felt as miserable as a man can well feel. Three doctors attended me (time and time), and I took all sorts of medicines, but I got no more than temporary relief from them.

"The last doctor whom I consulted said I had indigestion on the spine, and that there was no cure for it. He said I should have it as long as I lived. In much suffering I continued up to March of last year (1893), when I made up my mind to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which I had heard of by means of a book that was sent me from Lewis's in Manchester.

"I got the Syrup from Messrs. C. Carrington & Sons, Limited, The Stores, Heaton Lane, Stockport. After using one bottle I fel

Outwood, Handforth, Cheshire, September 21st, 1894."

The human body is like a big steel spring; it will stand a certain amount of pressure and no more. Beyond that it breaks. Our good friend, Mr. Chantler—to whom we are obliged for his frank letter—happened to put on that extra pressure during the toilsome, hay-cutting season. Indigestion and dyspepsia, with resulting nervous prostration, set in. The symptom which the doctor called indigestion of the spine, was one of these results. The spine contains the great nervous chords which, with their branches, connect the brain with all the rest of the body. The entire system was thus poisoned and deranged by the products of the torpid stomach. Any student of medicine will assure Mr. Chantler that he had a fortunate escape from chronic nervous collapse. In that respect his doctor was right.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup worked a cure by purging the blood and correcting the digestion. The lesson is (to our friend and to us all) that we mustn't ask too much of ourselves.

The Wabash Railroad.

With its superb and magnificent train service, is now acknowledged to be the most perfect railway system in America, the great winter tourist route to the South and West, including the famous Hot Springs of Ark., Old Mexico, (The Egypt of the New World), Texas and California, (the land of sunshine and flowers). Passengers going via the Wabash new line reach their destination in advance of other routes. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railway in the world. Detailed information will be gladly furnished by any R. R. agent or J. A. Richardson, Can. Pass. agent, N. E. Cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

The Great Northern Railway has opened up four new extensions of branches this season, to wit: 34 miles from Halstad to Crookston, 28 miles from Hope to Aneta, 16 miles from Cava-lier to Walhalla, end 14 miles from Langdon to Hannah. The first named line is in Minnesota, the other three in the famous wheat belt of North Dakota. The Great Northern has also

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A prominent society lady in Washington, D. C.,
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night and gives the most perfect satisfaction. Your
work is soft and beautiful, peserving the likeness
perfectly. We are all delighted with it. Please find
enclosed check for portrait.

Our entire display as shown at the Exhibition is
now at our studio.

Marsh Lands, abounds in feeling. Many are

from two to six p.m. in the studio. During the
rest of the week the exhibition will be open to
folk on Concale Bay are particularly pleasing,
as are some small scenes of children on the
water's edge. A number of scenes of localities
in State Mills, Ohio; one particularly, The
Marsh Lands, abounds in feeling. Many are

ing in England under Prof. Herkomer, in France under Constant and Laureus, and has come into close contact with Clement Heaton, the few of the many. Among the larger canvases is the Silken Threads, so much admired at the Industrial Exhibition. The Fisher Girls of Concale is another—a scene on the coast of France, near St. Milo, the most important oyster fisheries of France; a procession of women, healthful and cleanly, with short skirts and naked feet, wend their way homewards through a shallow stream. Thrown over the whole is a feeling of poetic grace. Limehouse Reach, a scene on the Thames, is perhaps one of the most beautiful. barges are carrying timber to the ships, and their dark red sails, wrapped in graceful fold around the towering mast, stand out in very distinct relief against the sky, and between the water and sky are extremely effective. Another view on the Thames shows the noble towers of Westminster Abbey in purple shadow defined against a luminous sky, the foreground of water being very subdued in tone. West-minster is also shown by moonlight, more Estravayer, a quaint walled town, whose architecture has undergone no change since the eleventh century. Through the open gate one catches a glimpse of the Alps. The primitive method of conveying milk is made to appear truly artistic and poetical. A sunlight effect on Notre Dame proves the great and essential

Studio and Gallery of French scenery and life. Two paintings of figures, Feeding the Chickens and Returning from the Harvest Field, are lovely in delicacy of coloring. October, represented by a partially nude figure with luxurious hair streaming in A particularly varied and excellent collection of paintings in oils is at present in the studio of Mr. McGillivray Knowles; a collection beauty, are both, for different reasons, delightof Mr. McGillivray Knowles; a collection which represents the labor, the observation, the development of six years. Mr. Knowles, during that period, has traveled England, of the numerous smaller bits, quite as meri-france, Switzerland, and the United States, torious artistically, though not so conspicuous. France, Switzerland, and the United States, and has come in contact, while so doing, with many of the best minds of the art world, study at Dieppe Harbor, Penzance Harbor, Epping Forest. This most interesting collection can be recorded by the public next Tuesday and be viewed by the public next Tuesday and Wednesday, October 26 and 27, and will then be celebrated designer. He has selected from a sold by auction at the rooms of Mr. Townsend on Thursday, October 28. All who are truly from some of the grandest aspects of nature to interested in art for its own sake, and all who the simply domestic, including many scenes of are interested in Canadian artists, should cerhistorical interest. It is unusual to see such a tainly not fail to see and to study this repre variety of different subjects covering such a sentative Canadian effort. Even if the thought variety of scenes attempted by an individual is not entertained of being a possessor of one of artist. One can do little more than give a hint these lovely scenes, to view them will be a of the excellency of the collection by naming a source of true enjoyment and an education.

The Premier and Lady Laurier paid a visit to the studio of the Woman's Art Assocation to inspect the state set, which was duly admired by them. They were met by the president and officers and some of the patronesses, among them being Mrs. Harvay, Mrs. Cosby and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings. The set was highly spoken of by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, who spent some time in the studio.

The first Saturday evening sketch was held at Miss Lindsay's, Homewood avenue, on Saturday, October 9, and was very well attended, auguring well for the work of the year.

The studio of the Woman's Art Association in the Canada Life Building will be open for working from a model on and after October 14, on Thursday afternoons.

Thomas Carlyle went with Millais to look at the latter's house, and, after gazing with wonsombre, it is true, but full of the mystery of poetic possibilities. A very effective figure and of striking grace is the little Milk Carrier of asked in his brusque manner, "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" The painter laughed and replied, "It has." "Then," rejoined the dweller in the modest house at Chelsea, "all I have to say is, there are more fools in the world than I thought there were."

The annual ceramic exhibition of the Woman's Art Association of Canada will be open for private view by the members of the Association and their friends on Monday, October 25, from two to six p.m. in the studio. During the rest of the week the exhibition will be open to the public. difference of the same objects seen in different lights. The Solidor, an ancient military prison

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THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

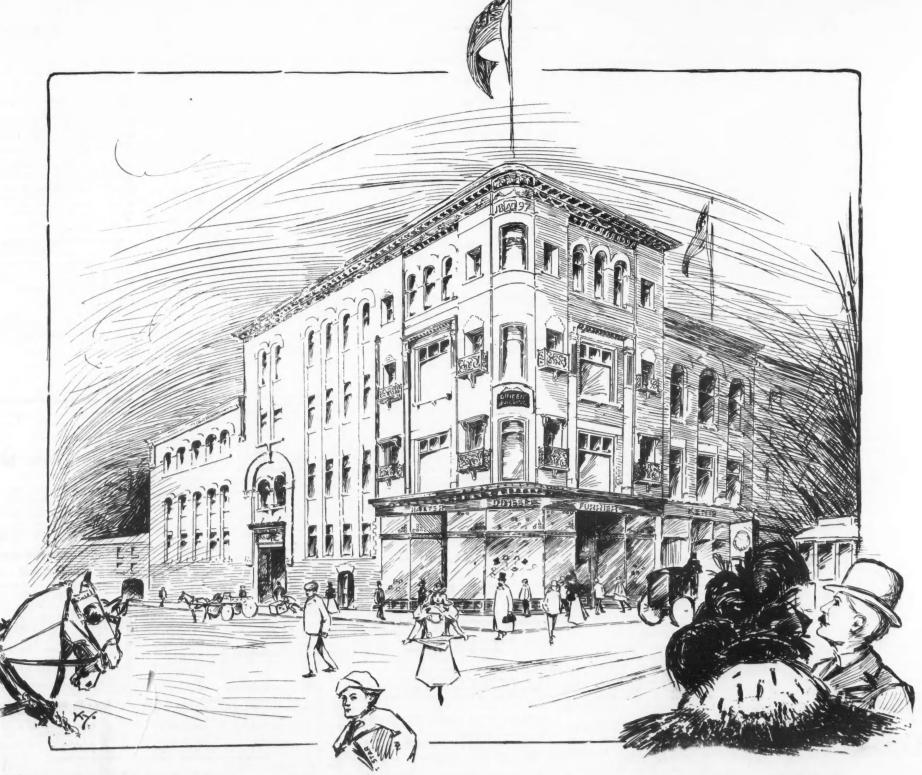
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The following letter from Herr Rudolf Ruth, the well known pianist and 'cellist, will be of interest as offering valuable suggestions touching upon the question of how to interest our music students in the fine concerts which are being given under the auspices of the Toronto Chamber Music Association:

Chamber Musical Editor of Eaturday Night:

Sir,—As one who experienced the greatest pleasure at the magnificent playing of the Kneisel Quartette the other evening, may I be permitted to make some suggestions regarding the value which should be placed upon such concerts by our hundreds of music students. I regretted to see a large number of seats vacant in the hall at the concert to which I refer, and also was sorry to note that there were comparatively few music students in the audience. It is, of course, very necessary to interest fashionable circles on account of the financial aspect of the case, but it seems a pity that such concerts should be almost exclusively regarded as society events, and that they should be compelled to appeal to society so largely in order to exist. But it seems to me that if some plan were adopted whereby our music students might be interested, the result would be of mutual advantage to the management and the student. I can recollect the great pleasure such concerts gave me personally when I was still a student in Frankfort, and the great influence such events had in broadening the taste of all who attended. If I might be allowed to suggest a plan, I would state that a special rate for students would probably draw their attention to the concerts and result in their larger attendance. One of the great pities in connection with music study in this city is the fact that so many students are satisfied to play the plano or sing a few songs—their broader education being neglected as a rule. Thanking you for your space and with the hope that something may be done to awaken increased interest among our students in the cause of chamber music.

I am very truly yours,
Toronto, Oct. 18, '97.

Nrs. Charles Crowley, pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Halar who makes her appearance as a pro-To the Musical Editor of Saturday Night:

Mrs. Charles Crowley, pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, who makes her appearance as a professional vocalist this season, was engaged for the concert of the McGill University given on Friday of last week at the Monument National Theater of Montreal. Speaking of her singing the Montreal Gazette of October 16 says: "A great deal of interest had been manifested in the appearance of Mrs. Crowley of Toronto, and expectations were more than realized. She has a beautiful voice, a soprano of good range and great sweetness, and in addition has the advantage of a remarkably good stage presence. Her rendition of The Last Rose of Summer was exquisite and full of feeling, and it was certainly the gem of the evening. Bobolink and Vilanelle showed off her voice to great advantage and testified to the good training it has had. Mrs. Crowley can find no fault with the reception she received, for it was enthusiastic in the extreme. For each number she received a hearty encore, and an immense basket of roses and chrysanthemums was lowered from the gallery amid great cheering." The notice of the Montreal Daily Star of the same date is quite as enthusiastic as that of the Gazette, and altogether her Montreal debut was a most pronounced success, which is a tribute alike to her singing and the artistic character of the instruction she has received under her widely known Toronto master. Mr. Haslam has booked a re-engagement in Montreal for February, and also concerts in Bradford, Niagara Falls (Teachers' convention), and Ottawa to

Apropos of the announcement that Rosenthal will not be able to visit America this season, owing to continued ill-health, the result largely of too much technical practice, the Musical Courier makes the following sensible remarks: "We have spoken with Joseffy, with Rosenthal, with Paderewski, with Rummel and with Sternberg, and they all deplored the great waste of time spent in technical exercises. Only the other day Joseffy said to the writer: For the last fifteen years I have found out the uselessness of technical work in the morning. What, waste the glorious freshness of the morning in stupid finger exercises when you might be adding to your repertory! Rosenthal as only lately found this out and does his finger practice when the day is done, and something of lasting value has been accomplished.' We firmly believe that Rosenthal has partially undermined his nervous system by his herculean technical study, and the typhoid bacteria found an easy lodgment in his enfeebled condition. Rest, and of course abstention from study, will work wonders in his case. This novel assertion of Joseffy should be well thought out by piano students and professional pianists. There are limits to human endurance, and nothing is more senseless, more musickilling than eight and ten hours of daily piano practice. There must surely be some short cuts to Parnassus, and too much technical work is not one of them."

As will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, an opportunity for music students to obtain free instruction is now being afforded by the Toronto Conservatory of Music, such as it is believed has never been heretofore offered in Toronto. A large list of scholarships of the value of upwards of \$1,600 is being offered for competition. This list comprises sixteen free scholarships under leading members of the staff of the Conservatory, without any limit as to the age of the candidate or the amount of instruction previously received. Also, three free and twenty partial scholarships to candidates under sixteen years of age who have not had more than one quarter's instruction. Names of competitors must reach the Conservatory by next Monday, October 25. If the City Council or our Provincial Government were making such an offer with a view of promoting musical art it would without doubt be regarded as both generous and proper, yet in our midst we have an educational institution, without any Government aid, offering in the interest of musical art the above mentioned most valuable list of scholarships. Truly a most commendable and

A College of Music and School of Art has been organized at Toronto Junction under the direction of Miss Via MacMillan, a young lady of exceptional musical attainments and marked business ability. A strong staff has been business ability. A strong staff has been chosen, including, besides Miss MacMillan, the following well known teachers: Miss McCarroll, Miss Kate Archer, Miss McCarroll, Miss Kate Archer, Miss McCarroll, Miss Kate Archer, Miss Ada Sydney, Mr. George Smedley, Miss Burns, and number of prominent art teachers. The college begins

with a considerable number of pupils, and those most directly interested feel much encouraged at the promising outlook for the new venture. For college calendars or any particulars regarding the work of the institution, application should be made personally of by letter to the college, 43 High Park avenue, Toronto Junction.

A correspondent writes me with reference to the question of effective hymn-singing in our churches, which was mentioned in these columns last week, and suggests that a congregation is frequently inspired to hearty singing by the manner in which a hymn is read by the pastor. "Some pastors," writes my correspondent, bungle their hymn-reading to such an extent that a half-hearted singing of the hymn is almost certain to follow. . . At a service held recently in a popular city church a reverend supply read the following:

O, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the 'jail!' Half the congregation serenely sang 'jail,' and the other half struggled with 'goal.' Here was a case of a slip-shod reading of the words resulting in confusion, and no mistake."

The Toronto Orchestral School met on Mon day night last at the Toronto College of Music for its first rehearsal of the season. I am in formed that the material of the orchestra is considerably better than in previous years, and therefore work of a more advanced character will be found in the programme. It is expected that a concert will be given at an early date, and Mr. Torrington would therefore urge competent amateurs to be prompt in joining. The attendance for a first rehearsal was the best the School has ever had on the initial night, and the work done was very satisfactory. The regular practices are held at the Toronto College of Music on Monday evenings at eight

The Trebelli concerts, which were given in Massey Music Hall on Friday evening of last week and Monday evening last, did not receive week and Monday evening last, did not receive the patronage which the artistic merits of the events deserved. The singing of the famous vocalist, Mlle. Trebelli, whose voice is a soprano of brilliant quality, with a range of over three octaves, proved the feature of the performances. Her vocal technique and the artistic manner in which she interpreted her numbers won for her a very enthusiastic reception. The assisther a very enthusiastic reception. The assisting artists were: Mr. Hubert de Blank, pianist; Mr. Van Hoose, tenor; and Signor Quintano, violinist, all of whom created most favorable impressions in their respective numbers.

In commenting on an article, Resentfulness of Musicians, by J. A. Graham, which recently appeared in a leading United States journal, a contemporary says: "It is full of sensible talk, and when it appears I recommend its perusal. Yes, musicians are a resentful lot, and, contradictory as it sounds, this resentfulness is the result of nerves, not of malice prepense. Take any of the prize hogs of the profession—and I know of no profession better stocked with them—you will find that at bottom they are good sort of fellows, intensely selfish, irritable, vain and egotistic, nevertheless human, and their hearts worn on their sleeves."

On next Thursday evening the fine choir of St. Simon's church, under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's direction, will give a special programme of music in connection with the Harvest Thanks-giving Service, which is to take place on that evening. The music includes Tallis' festal responses; Vinning's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in E flat; Maunder's Anthem, Praise the Lord; Dudley Buck's Fear Ye Not, O Israel; Calkin's Rejoice in the Lord, and Stainer's Sevenfold Amen. Tenor solos in anthems will be taken by Mr. A. C. Fairweather and Mr. Thornloe. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Arthur Baldwin.

The Male Chorus Club is progressing very satisfactorily under the leadership of Mr. W. J. McNally, the newly appointed conductor. I am informed that the list of members exceeds that of last year and everything points to a very successful season for the organization. Mr. McNally has chosen an attractive selection of pieces for the season's repertoire, including some effective compositions from the works of Geibel, Bridge, Dudley Buck and others. A limited number of applications for membership will be received up to November 12.

The next rehearsal of the Toronto Select Choir, Mr. J. M. Sherlock conductor, will be held on Monday evening next in the small hall of the Y.M.C.A. I understand that a number of very effective singers have been enrolled as members, and that Mr. Sherlock has the active business support of several well known enthusiasts who have been associated with the management of successful societies in the past, The membership roll will close when one hundred voices have been accepted.

The success which has been won by a former forontonian, Miss Minnie Gaylord, in New York has called forth flattering notices from York has called forth flattering notices from several prominent metropolitan journals. One paper predicts that as the new soprano of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, she is sure to be in evidence this season. She went to New York a stranger last April and secured her present prominent position by sheer force of merit, there being, I am informed, over one hundred applicants for the place.

Italy's great band, the Banda Rossa, made its American debut in New York on Saturday evening last before an immense audience. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed and the opinion was freely expressed that the band proved itself superior to either Gilmore's or Sousa's. The Banda Rossa, which made a triumphant tour through Germany last year, will, it is expected, be heard in Toronto during the coming season.

New Music. Attention, polka two-step, by Capt. I. Vate, published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association. Although music of this kind does not call for critical notice, the strong rhythmical character of this publication and its marked individuality are features which will doubtless attract attention to it as an effective piece for the purposes for which it was composed.

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Social and Personal.

On Tuesday last at St. Basil's church, at eleven a.m., Miss Margaret Kirkwood, daughter of Mr. A. Kirkwood, chief clerk Sales and Free Grant Crown Lands Department, was married to Mr. Frank S. Belton, 60 Madison avenue, special officer Custom House. After the ceremony the wedding party partook of the wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's father, 1 St. Thomas street.

Mr. A. Roy Macdonald will be in town on Monday, and intends starting his dancing classes at once. His fine new room in the Foresters' Hall will be completed by Monday

The Board of Directresses of the Young Women's Christian Association are giving a musical evening in the Normal School Theater next Thursday evening at eight o'clock, in aid of the building fund of the building in Elm street. There is a big debt on the building, and though the Association is now self-sustaining, the interest on the debt is a drag they are anxious to get rid of. A collection will be taken up instead of tickets being sold, and Mr. Torrington has charge of the programme.

The usual smart contingent will make the trip to New York in November, to take in the Horse Show, and afterwards such goods as the gods may provide at the Metropolitan Opera House. I am told that Mr. and Mrs. Morrow are expected back from Europe then, which will be welcome news to many.

Professor and Mrs. Willmott are now settled in their home at 63 Prince Arthur avenue. Mrs. Willmott will receive on the first and third Fridays of the month.

The November wedding which grows a subject of conversation more interesting every day, is to be one of the prettiest functions of the sort yet seen. The ceremony takes place on November 24, at half-past two, in St. Thomas's church, when Mr. Victor Cawthra of Yeadon Hall and Miss Ada Arthurs of Ravenswood are

Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw arranged a very jolly young people's dinner at the Hunt Club the other evening for the entertainment of the friends of their popular daughter, Miss Helen Laidlaw. The party drove merrily out, in number about twenty-five, and after dinner an impromptu dance was indulged in to very fine music by D'Alesandro.

Miss Annie Richardson, elocutionist, has been in England for the past year and scored some emphatic successes. The Cumberland and Westmoreland Advertiser of October 2 gives a half-column report of a recital by Miss Richardson at Penrith, and speaks in extreme praise of the young Canadian reader. The paper gives a lengthy description of Miss Richardson's treatment of her various pieces, each number eliciting a recall.

On Wednesday the marriage of Miss Etta May Arnold, eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Arnold of 36 Churchill avenue, to Mr. W. E. Clare was celebrated, the officiating clergyman being Rev. J. A. Gibson. Mr. T. F. Hire was best man, and Miss Chambers, the daughter of Mr. Park Commissioner Chambers, was brides-

Sons of Scotland Concert

The programme for the annual concert of the Sons of Scotland has just been issued. It contains the name of Mme. Anna Burch, prima donna soprano, of New York, who will be warmly welcomed by a Toronto audience. She is one of the best artists on the Continent. Max Karger, the renowned violinist, is also one of the artists. He has recently come from Europe and as a violinist is considered something phenomenal. The local artists are exceptionally strong. In the selection of the music, as might be expected, the "songs of Scotia" predominate. The plan is now open and the concert takes place on Thursday, October 28.

"I ain't goin' out on a tandem with dat Susie Mellon girl again, no, sah." "Whatfer?" "Kase when her toes ain't collidin' with the handle-bah, her heels is plowin' gutters in de ground!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ASSOCIATION HALL WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1897, at 8.15 P.M. Under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor Sir George A. Kirkpatrick and Lady Kirkpatrick.

Grand PIANAFORTE RECITAL by the great Danish Pianis HYLLESTED

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Plan open to subscribers 17th and 18th November; ollowing days to the public, at Association Hall box flice on McGill Street.
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Whaley, Royce & Co., Ashdown & Co., Heintzman
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Metropolitan College of Music.
Reserved seats 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

MASSEY MUSIC HALL S. O. S.

Scottish Concert

Thursday, October 28th

. ARTISTS. MME. ANNA BURCH, New York

MAX KARGER, New York

AGNES FORBES ELLA RONAN
TESA McCALLUM ALEX. GORRIE
J. E. TURTON MASTER TOMMIE CAMPBELL
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For estimates and prices ap-ALBERT WILLIAMS, Proprietor

Social and Personal.

Mr. D. Waters, inspector of the bank of Nova Scotia, was in town last week.

An exile, a prince, and an anarchist describes a visitor we have had in town recently, and each title is romantic enough in its way, but the Russian Prince Krapotkin is a most matterof-fact individual, practical and aggressive, as the few who were invited to meet him last Sunday can testify.

Another victim to the mild type of typhoid prevalent is Mr. G. G. Adam of the Ontario

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Frankel's pretty home was the scene of unusual gaiety on Saturday afternoon and evening, the occasion being a reception given in honor of the betrothal of their sister, Miss Ida Frankel, and Mr. J. Levy of Hamilton. The young fiancee, who is deservedly popular, was stylishly gowned in pale blue silk. The house decorations were pink and white chrysanthemums, adding brilliance to the gay scene and handsome costumes. The refreshment room was presided over by Mrs. Maurice Frankel, ably assisted by Mrs. S. Frankel and Miss Rose Levy of Hamilton.

Mr. Forte of the Ontario Bank, Bowmanville, is in the city for a short time.

Gentlemen's Habiliment.

A garment out of the ordinary is the Paletot National, a dressy overcoat specially adapted for afternoon wear, and a special design of Henry A. Taylor, draper, Rossin Block. A little intimation of it in the daily press brought it many admirers, and the appreciation of this distinctively gentlemanly style of outer garment is apparent.

Another "fashion" that is creating interest in the habiliment of man this season is the Reefer Suit, much the vogue in England, and Canadians are taking to the comfortable dress that it is. Mr. Taylor is the first to introduce it to Toronto gentlemen.

"If any of my friends call," said the candidate for Congress, wearily, as he came down from his private parlor and walked up to the clerk's desk, "tell them I've gone out for a walk." "Going to stretch your legs a bit?" asked the affable clerk. "Just the other one," said the candidate sadly.—Detroit Free Press.

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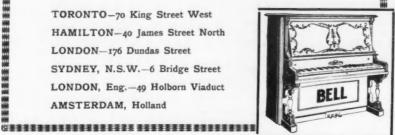
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The many friends of Mrs. —, the charming wife of one of Toronto's most favorably known physicians and surgeons, will be delighted to hear that she is able to bicycle once more and expects to do a good deal of wheeling next season. Her husband had positively prohibited her from riding, until one day he ran across a Rational Bicycle Seat, as they call them. He was so taken with its really hygienic plan that he issued a permit for his patient to ride upon the "Rational" only.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WOODS—At 324 Chapel street, Ottawa, on Sunday, Oct. 10, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James W. CUDDY—Sept. 23, Mrs. Alfred Cuddy—a daughter. Postlethwaite—a daughter.

DOUGLAS—Sarnia, Oct. 19, Mrs. J. C. Douglas—a son.

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Marriages.

BRITTON—HERRIMAN—Chicago, Oct. 12, Jerry Britton to Elizabeth Herriman.

ANDERSON—CHEYNE—Brampton, Oct. 20, Frederick Geo, Anderson to Marion Gertrude Cheyne.

LAUGHLIN REAR—Oct. 19, Rev. W. Laughlin to Stells Alberta Rear.

MACMAHON—HOLMES—London, Oct. 14, Hugh P. MacMahon to Ethel Clives Holmes.

BROWN—CURRIE—Nottawasaga, Oct. 6, Geo. G. J. Brown, LL.B., to Annie Florence Currie.

INGLIS-Oct. 14, Margaret Inglis,
ROWE-Oct. 14, P. M. Rowe, aged 67.
MACKECHNIE-Oct. -, Brighton, Mary Grant
Mackechnie, aged 31.
BILLINGHURST-Oct. 20, Jennie Billinghurst,
aged 23. aged 29. COOKE—Toronto Junction, Oct. 20, James R. Cooke, aged 40.

MACNABB — Hamilton, Oct. 15, John Chisholm
MacNabb, aged 46.

CHAPMAN—Oct. —, Isabella Chapman, aged 63,
LEMON—Oct. 13, Ellen Lemon, aged 75.

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It never fades, frays or becomes ragged.

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